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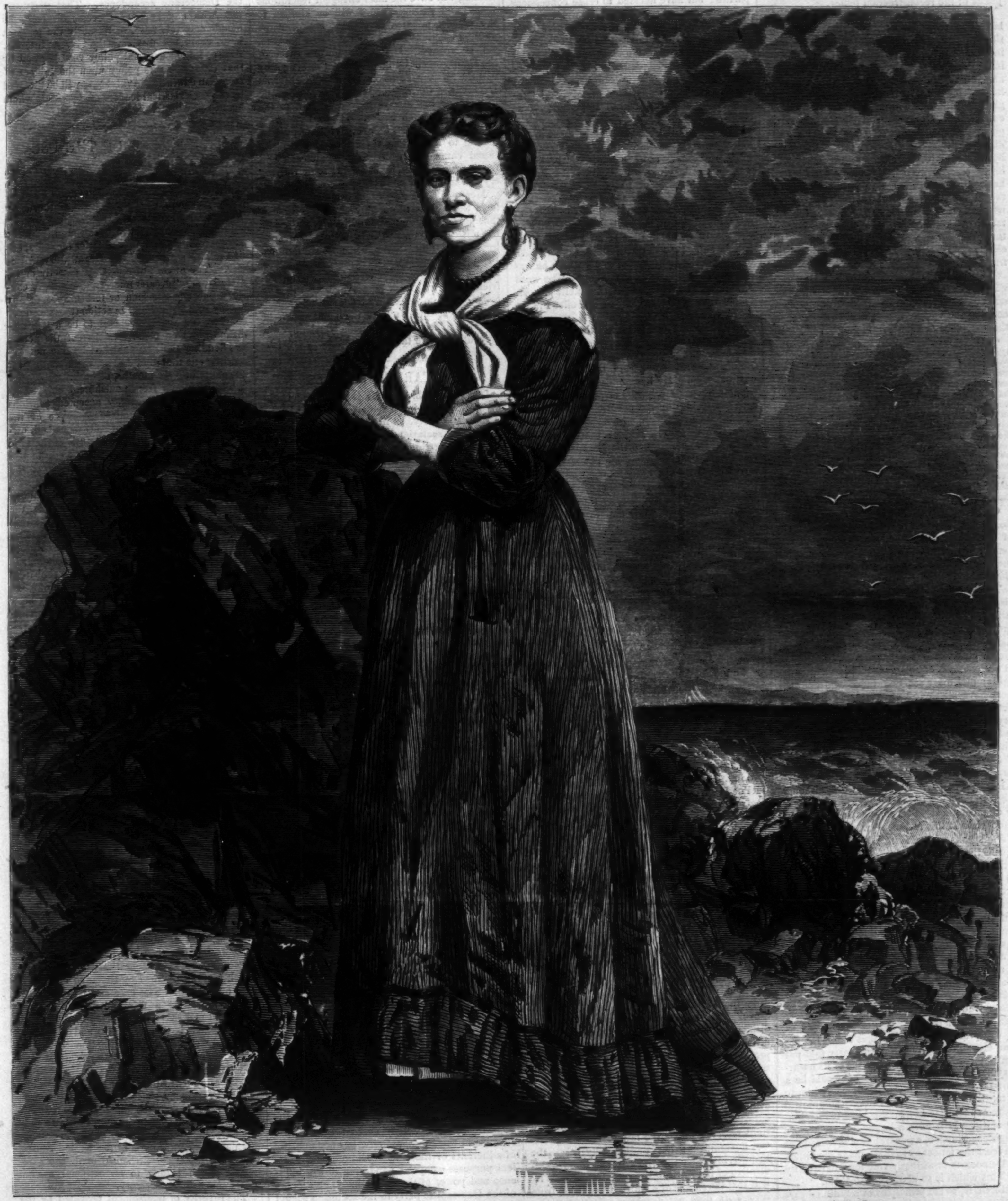


MISS IDA LEWIS, THE HEROINE OF NEWPORT.—Phot. by Manchester Brothers, Providence, R. I.—[See Page 484.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 31, 1869.

## THE RESULT IN VIRGINIA.

THE recent most difficult question seems to be, who won in the Virginia election? The contest was nominally between Conservative and Radical Republicans—that is, between the advocates of general amnesty and suffrage and the friends of a more stringent policy. The result was that the candidate who is a Democrat, who was supported by the Democrats, the late rebels, and some of the Republicans, was elected. It is not denied that the bulk of his vote was Democratic and rebel, that Republican votes would not have elected him, and that the Legislature which is elected with him can in no sense be called Republican. And yet, virtually, the question submitted at the election was a Republican alternative; it was the Republican Constitution in its most proscriptive form, or the same instrument with the chief points of the reconstruction policy.

The result seems to be, therefore, that the late rebels voted for their own amnesty, and for the enfranchisement of the colored citizens, and, indirectly, for the Fifteenth Amendment. Nominally, the result is thus Republican. But the anomaly of the situation is that it is a Republican victory won by its enemies. It is in Virginia that the Democratic party, by compulsion, eats its own words that this is a white man's government. Now it certainly makes a great difference whether a radical reform is carried by its friends or its enemies; because, in the latter case, it may justly be suspected that, having carried it to obtain power, they will use the power to repeal it. In the present case, however, this is impossible. Unless the Fifteenth Amendment be ratified by the Legislature, the situation reverts to that before the election. If, however, it be ratified equal suffrage is secure.

This indeed is the view taken by a Democrat who writes to the *World* in the true Democratic strain. It is a signal illustration of the character of the victory that it is obtained even by the assistance of such gentle malignants.

> "The first thing to be noted is, that the Underwood Constitution, in a modified form, but still very objectionable, has been adopted by a majority of not less than sixty thousand votes. True, the obnoxious instrument has been purged of its most proscriptive features, but even now it has characteristics that would damn it in any State that has not been broken on the wheel of Reconstruction. In the first place, we have had to shut our eyes, hold our nose, and swallow the black dose of negro suffrage. There is no doubt about that, nor of the still more distasteful fact that we will never get the drug out of our system. It only remains for us to try to control the creatures whom we have given the right to vote, and to use every effort to make them keep in the path in which we would have them to go."

Of course persons like this correspondent will do all that they can to thwart the free exercise of their newly-won rights by the colored citizens, and their spirit was plainly exhibited last summer by Mr. Wade Hampton and others. But this is unavoidable.

The spirit of the new Governor Walker, as displayed in his speech after election, was admirable. He appeared beneath the National and State flags, held respectively by a colored and a white voter. He said that he and his friends must remember that they had succeeded on the platform of universal suffrage and equal rights; and must see that those who opposed them have all their rights and are fully protected by the law. The opportunity of the victory came from the liberality of the President, and its fruits must be for all. These are certainly very sensible words; and all that is said of Governor Walker justifies the belief that they are as sincere as they are wise.

But the malignant—for the word, although originally applied to the Puritan forefathers of us of the radical persuasion, seems peculiarly appropriate in this instance—who writes to the *World* speaks with evident satisfaction of what he calls the "Conservative" Legislature. One of the abominations of the new Constitution in his eyes is that colored voters may also hold certain "petty offices." Happily, however, remarks this wise and patriotic citizen, who immediately proceeds to sniff at radical "gerrymandering"—happily, however, "with a Conservative Legislature these offices may be made so unprofitable that it will not pay the negroes to accept them." He is pleased to remark also that in the Legislature "the Conservative strength is sufficient to overrule the Governor's veto should he ever 'go back' upon the party that put him in power." But Governor Walker will probably remember that if the Republican element be taken from the party that put him in power and added to the side of its natural sympathy, this "Conservatism" would be a mere minority. His little speech shows him to be too wise a man to believe that the political future of the State is with this bitterly reactionary spirit. It is with a larger liberty, a more enlightened justice, a general intelligence. Let him trust the tendency that has made the bitterest Democrats unwillingly vote for that equality of rights which is so abhorrent to them.

Moreover, as the principles of a national party must be the same in every State, we shall of course hear no more of the natural inferiority of one class of citizens, nor of the sublime creed of color as evidence of political capacity. Any such declaration would denounce the worthy Virginia "Conservatives" who have "swallowed the black dose." There are still doubts and perplexities, but Virginia has decided to equalize the suffrage, to admit colored citizens to office, to educate all the colored children, to forbid the disfranchisement of colored voters; it has elected a Governor who declares that all this must be honestly done, and the *World* salutes it as a famous Democratic victory! When your gun has a new lock, stock, and barrel, is it your old gun or a new one?

## A PROTESTED WORD.

The news from France is amusing. The Emperor grants certain concessions *motu proprio*—of his own will. He is reported to have said: "The elections show that I must choose between empire and revolution. I will give full satisfaction to the liberal aspirations of all parties; but have decided to cease concessions at the boundaries prescribed in the Constitution." The message to the Legislative body proposes to allow it to elect its own officers, to give it the control of the budget, and to extend the right of interpellation, or of inquiry into executive action. This, it is asserted, amounts practically to the concession of ministerial responsibility as an element of Imperial government.

The story of the Grand Remonstrance in England is very familiar. The King promised what he felt obliged to promise, and broke his word when he thought he could break it with safety. One oath, or promise, or pledge of Louis Napoleon is just as valuable as another. He talks of the limits of the Constitution. But the Constitution is his work, and it is what he chooses to consider it. If he has taken an oath to support it, did he not also take an oath to support the Constitution under which he was placed in the *Elysée* as President? The word of Louis Napoleon has gone to public protest. Is that word all the security he can offer France for larger liberty?

What he proposes is merely the old charter with different details. A man of his antecedents is not and will not be a constitutional monarch in the ordinary sense. He will govern as well as reign. He has, indeed, the form of a popular trust. He speaks of powers explicitly confided to him by the people. But who forgets the facts? Sworn to obey a constitution, he forcibly overthrew the government which it established; imprisoned the Legislature; exiled his fellow-citizens at his pleasure; occupied Paris with the army; overawed France; and, having shown himself absolute master, asked Frenchmen whether he should be Emperor. They said yes; and in this manner were powers "explicitly confided" to him. Frenchmen have begun to change their minds, and his prestige is waning. But it needs a much greater man than Louis Napoleon to give France real liberty at the expense of his crown and dynasty.

## THE "ALABAMA" QUESTION POSTPONED.

In the report of the speech of Mr. Gladstone moving the definite postponement of the *Alabama* question for this year, he remarked that the Government of the United States did not regard the failure of the treaty as a definite dropping of the question, but, on the contrary, that it considered it better an interval should occur on account of the state of public opinion in America, before negotiations were resumed; and in this opinion the British Government were inclined to concur. The question was accordingly postponed.

This result is unfortunate, because it is not a postponement of the discussion merely, but of the negotiation; and it would certainly be better that when Congress meets a treaty should have been negotiated, and in readiness to be laid before the Senate, than that there should be a war in debate and lofty resolutions, as there undoubtedly will be, to perplex the settlement of the question. Nor is the tone in which the English press receives the postponement reassuring. The *Times* observes that "when Mr. Motley considers the feeling of America is such that a treaty consistent with the honor of England will satisfy Americans, he may address the Government for a renewal of negotiations." The suspicion that America wishes to dishonor England by a treaty is certainly not favorable to a candid interpretation of any proposition. The *Times* further hopes that the question of the Queen's neutrality proclamation will be tacitly abandoned. But this is a vital element of the question. It is moral evidence that can not be set aside. Undoubtedly the issuing of such a proclamation is a right reserved under the law of nations to every government; but undoubtedly, also, the manner in which the right is exercised is indicative of the spirit of the government. Why is it that the escape of a Cuban expedition from New York does not accuse the United States Government of bad faith toward an ally, while that of the *Alabama* from Liverpool filled this country and all the friends of this country in England with indignation? The answer to this question involves the reason why the Queen's proclamation, which was undoubtedly discretionary with her Government, is a cardinal consideration in the discussion.

The *Star* also rejoices that the debate is postponed. It is of opinion that American resentment against England is likely to become weaker and her desire to reduce the burden of the debt stronger. If the *Star* had a more intimate knowledge of the political situation in this country it would think otherwise. Indeed, as a general principle nothing is gained between two countries in which there is a deep feeling of hostility by leaving an angry question unsettled; and that for the very obvious reason that it furnishes an irresistible political opportunity. If the situation remains unchanged until the meeting of Congress, the *Star* will find that the discussion of the question will not be postponed in that body, and General Banks, or some other honorable gentleman, will have the most stringent resolutions ready, and patriotic ardor will be kindled to the highest practicable point. However the autumn elections may be decided, the question will be pressed. If the Republicans succeed, the Democrats in Congress will act in sympathy with Mr. Ryland's resolution in the California Democratic Convention, that the Democratic party alone has always proved faithful to the country upon such issues. If the Democrats succeed, they will strike every string of popular feeling to strengthen themselves for the national campaign, while the Republicans will feel a greater necessity of raising some rallying cry of enthusiasm and union.

Meanwhile the duty of good citizens is to inform themselves thoroughly upon the subject, that public opinion may intelligently guide and not mislead Congress, nor be unduly influenced by Congressional harangues and resolutions. President Woolsey truly observes, that it is unwise to mingle the question of general unfriendliness with that of damages by the *Alabama*; but the question of general unfriendliness very seriously affects the point which he concedes to be most vital; namely, whether due precautions were taken to prevent her escape.

## SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

It is remarkable that while the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in this country, assisted by the Democratic party, as in this State, are trying to establish sectarian schools, in Bavaria, a peculiarly priest-ridden country, the people have recently voted by great majorities against the sectarian policy. The ecclesiastical interest, indeed, both Protestant and Roman, warmly advocated the sectarian plan; but such are the feeling and conviction of the people that in one town Protestants, Catholics, and Jews all voted against the sectarianism except one Protestant and one Catholic. In Austria, as we have formerly stated, the Government has decided to organize the schools without ecclesiastical influence of any kind.

The reason for this action, both of the people and of the priests, is obvious. The aim of the priesthood every where is to obtain as absolute control of the people as possible. It wishes its power to be felt in every relation of life. Its object is to produce the feeling that every important movement and event and institution must have, not a religious sanction, but ecclesiastical approval. Its purpose in obtaining control of the schools is not the education of the people, it is the confirmation and extension of its own power. It wishes to appoint teachers, that it may put its creatures into place. It would prescribe text-books, so as to exclude what it calls heresy; that is to say, whatever tends to unfettered mental and moral liberty. Science threatens certain ecclesiastical traditions and dogmas, and ecclesiasticism would therefore smother science. The great aim of the priesthood is to identify in the popular mind religion and the Church; and to cultivate the conviction that the word of the priest or of the Church is the voice of religion.

The experience of mankind fortunately pleads against this purpose. Just in the degree that intellectual freedom is secured, the ecclesiastical hold upon the human mind is relaxed. With every fresh ray of light comes the stronger desire for more light, and a more instinctive resistance to the power of darkness. Consequently the universal popular tendency in this time of increasing liberty is to shake off ecclesiastical domination; and where the opportunity is offered the people as resolutely protest against it as the ecclesiastical power insists upon it. This explains the movement in Bavaria, in Austria, and in Holland.

The apparent growth of this domination in this country, and especially in this State, is easily enough explained. The enormous immigration, and especially again the part that remains in this State and city, has been chiefly of adherents of the Roman Church, and political purposes compel a pandering to the influence and power of that Church. The support of the Democratic party to the sectarian school scheme of the priesthood is a bid for "the Irish vote," and has no other significance, although it may produce very disagreeable consequences. If the "Irish voters" were not so many in the city of New York, and if they were not generally Roman Catholics, of course we should not see indefinite municipal leases of valuable property at a dollar a year, nor would a Catholic mob feel emboldened to assault an Orange procession in the streets on the anniversary of the Boyne.

To control the schools, to appoint teachers, to choose text-books, and at the expense of the state, is to master the very sources of influence. As we have before said, the mere contact of Catholic with Protestant children is liberalizing. The little Catholics see as much intelligence, good conduct, confidence, happiness outside their Church as within its pale. The result is inevitable; and therefore the first step is most strenuously resisted by the ecclesiastical influence. It is a subject which deserves the most thoughtful consideration among intelligent persons in this country; and the tendency that is so perceptible in this State as to be called a policy is one of the strong reasons for opposing the Democratic ascendency. That party can not, with any hope of success, displease its members of this faith, as formerly the party at large could not displease the slavery interest. And as its old national policy was dictated by that interest, so its policy upon the subject of sectarian education in this State will be dictated by the ecclesiastical leaders of the voters whom it must propitiate.

## ENFORCEMENT OF THE USURY LAW.

Although it is made the express duty of courts of justice to charge each Grand Jury especially to inquire into violations of the usury laws, and the courts very regularly perform it, yet no indictments have been found, and the statute had remained a dead letter for years, until the late meeting of the Grand Jury in this city. The offense of receiving, directly or indirectly, any "greater interest, discount, or consideration" for the loan or forbearance of any money, goods, or things in action than seven per cent. per annum is declared to be a "misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof the person so offending shall be punished by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both."

The immunity from punishment enjoyed by those who have constantly accepted usurious interest—perhaps in entire ignorance of the statute—has been very suddenly disturbed, owing, it is said, to the wants of some of the Erie clique, who are thought to have an influence over the composition and movements of the Grand Jury.

In the summer of 1868, when the money market was tightened by operators in Erie, the Grand Jury was not only not invoked, but it would have been hushed into silence had some curious investigators then unburied the statute and brought the offense before that tribunal.

The sympathy with crime which is shown by many public officials does not embrace offenses committed by the class which has lately been indicted, and it may be that this obsolete statute may be enforced in such cases, and especially when the offense consists in satisfying the pressing wants, at the market rate, of those who lately have been loaded with too much stock for a time of severe pressure.

It is unquestionably the duty of courts and juries to enforce the laws, not capriciously and for peculiar purposes, but constantly and because they are in force and ought to be obeyed. They constitute a snare when they are allowed to lie dormant for years and are raked up to gratify ulterior objects.

There would be no objection to the repeal of usury laws if the right to issue the money of ordinary circulation were as free as the industry by which gold and silver may be obtained from the earth for this purpose. It is true that the precious metals may not be coined except by the general government, but its coinage in that way does not interfere with the freedom of producers. On the contrary, it is an aid to that industry, which is thus made practically free and unrestricted. But as the money of circulation may not be issued except under special authority, it would seem to be necessary to fetter a privilege which a few only enjoy by restricting the rate of interest which may be claimed by them, so as to prevent oppression. The case as between paper-money issued by a few and that fabricated from gold and silver which every one may have freely coined, is very different, and it is from the failure to make the distinction that much of the confusion as to the policy of usury laws may be traced.

The argument in favor of absolute freedom in loaning money, based upon the supposed freedom with which money is created and supplied, fails except in its application to gold and silver money; but as this has been practically demonetized in parts of the United States, and an artificial system substituted, the safeguards which belong to an artificial system would seem to be necessary.

The severity of punishment provided by the statute is disproportioned to the offense, and the statute in this respect needs alteration, at least so far as dealers are concerned who are not connected with banks nor acting under their authority. The penalty of the loss of the excess of interest would seem to be sufficient in ordinary cases.

But while the statute remains unrepealed no prudent man will expose himself to its provisions, for the law may be appealed to when least expected in behalf of unscrupulous speculators, with a view to alarm those who take an unlawful rate, and create the ease in money which on a turn of events they will deprecate, employing then all the advantages which the change confers.

## THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

The late Democratic Conventions have thoroughly undeceived those who supposed that the leopard would suddenly change his spots. More amusing and even ridiculous spectacles have seldom been presented to public attention; ridiculous, because there is always something absurd in the incessant reiteration of offers that are perpetually rejected. The only alleviation of the old order is the nomination of General Rosecrans for Governor of Ohio. But as if to extinguish any hope that might begin to glimmer in consequence, Mr. Wallace, the Chairman of the Pennsylvania Convention, in calling it to order, remarked that principles, not men, are the Democratic doctrine. That, indeed, was evident at Columbus, as it was at Chicago in 1864. Then the man was one who had been a Union soldier—the principles were surrender to the rebellion. Now the man is Rosecrans—the principles are Vallandigham. And as Mr. Wallace truly remarked, principles, not men, are the Democratic doctrine. Those who are not Democrats, however, are expected to look solely at the man. Republicans in Ohio, for instance, are respectfully requested to contemplate the Union uniform of Rosecrans while they give their votes to Vallandigham.

But with this exception the men and the principles are equally familiar. Vallandigham in Ohio, and in Pennsylvania Mr. Wallace, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Asa Packer, the candidate for Governor, are the same old Copperhead managers who conducted the business during the war. They told us then that the Government was a dark despotism because it would not let our rebel brethren depart in peace; now they tell us it is a fell tyranny because it will not let them stay upon their own terms—the Government being the people of the country. Then we were being taxed to immolate our brethren; now we are taxed to pamper bloated bond-holders, who are not our brethren, probably, because they sustained the war. Then the negro was an inferior, and this was a white man's government; now also the negro is an inferior, and still it is a white man's government. Then the local rights of States were ruthlessly invaded; now the local rights of States shall never be overthrown. In fine, now as then, in the estimation of the old Democratic managers, all is tyranny, corruption, and black despair, and universal night is at hand, unless—ah! unless—Mr. Vallandigham and his friends are permitted to direct the taxation, to handle the money, and to control the Government; in which happy case Astræa will return to earth, and the hopes of mankind may revive.

There were those who supposed that this party might have learned something; that inasmuch as the country had decided that the national faith should be kept, and that colored citizens should vote and be no longer ostracized, those issues would have been relinquished and battle offered upon other and more promising grounds. There were those within the party who advised this course, who recommended it last year, and who had the emphasis of rueful experience to support their counsel this year. But all has been sublimely disregarded. Even in the city of New York, where a year ago there was a party in Tammany Hall which seriously wished to nominate Mr. Chase, this year Tammany Hall, as a Fourth of July festivity, repudiates the war and its results, and after an oration worthy of Vallandigham or Alexander H. Stephens or Henry Clay Dean, cheers for John T. Hoffman as the Presidential candidate; while, simultaneously, as if to refresh in the public memory the claims of the party to the confidence of honorable and patriotic men, its late candidate for Vice-President, General Blair, extols rebels at a social meeting of faithful Union soldiers.

And all this denunciation of equal rights, and praising of rebels, and demand for repudiation and dishonor, is put forth under the name of "Conservatism;" as in the bitter hours of the war, during the tortures of Andersonville and the horrors of the battle-field, it was "Conservatism" to palliate the rebellion and to sneer at the Government. Is there any thing in the character of those who manage these conventions, or of the principles which they proclaim, which should persuade an honest and loyal American citizen that the just results of the war will be more respected, or the Government more honestly and economically administered, or the public honor and peace more surely maintained by the Democratic party than by the Republican? If, indeed, that party had abandoned all its defeated issues and repudiated the managers identified with all its ignominies—if it had declared its acceptance of the situation, nominated men whose careers and characters were their credentials, and with such pledges of a changed spirit had challenged public confidence, there would be circumstances in the situation, as there always are when a party has been long in power, that might have inclined that public confidence toward it, unless the dominant party by its practice as well as its profession had vindicated its claim to continued success. But the opportunity has been lost; and therefore the triumph of such a party with such a platform would be not only a defeat but a national disgrace.

## MEN AND WOMEN IN CONVENTION.

The late Woman's Suffrage Convention at Saratoga was but another indication of the fact that this movement will not be laughed or frowned down. Indeed, while many persons are not attracted, but rather repelled, by some of the public aspects of the agitation, it is privately making rapid inroads upon the old traditions; and the simultaneous appearance of Mr. Mill's book in England and of Dr. Bushnell's in this country shows how deeply it engages the attention of the most thoughtful minds. The public conduct of the reform seems to many repugnant to good taste; but reforms in their beginnings are not apt to propitiate what is called taste, and they are always distasteful to those who wish the old order to remain undisturbed. The Reform agitation of 1832 in England was excessively distasteful to the Lords and the Conservatives; the Corn-Law agitation was singularly wanting in good breeding, in the judgment of the Protectionists; the Anti-Slavery agitation was angrily outlawed from polite society in this country; and the Woman's Suffrage movement is summarily declared absurd by those who do not favor it.

The old argument, which consisted in the superior smile at "strong-minded" women—in the humorous allusion to the spectacles and umbrella of a typical and redoubtable "bloomer," in such clever dabs as "the Spirit of '76," and the excellent fun of the descriptions of men officiating as nurses and washers and ironers, has perhaps spent its force. At least it is now a little stale whenever it appears, and as an argument has palpably failed; and this for the reason that we have already stated, namely, that the question now engages persons who think, and who are not persuaded by a joke because they laugh at it. Even the *Tribune*, which keeps up rather a brisk fusilade of the old style, occasionally falls back upon what it evidently considers a serious argument—a double-header, as the boys say on the Fourth of July—first, that woman suffrage is a new idea; and, second, that it will be time enough for women to vote when they ask to. But to this it should certainly be enough to reply, first, that reform of every kind necessarily proposes some novelty; and, second, that no reform would ever be possible if it must be delayed until every body interested had been consulted.

There is also something a little puerile in saying that women may vote when they wish to; for how many women must first wish to? and why should the indifference of some to a perfectly just claim prejudice those who are not indifferent? How sound an argument would it have seemed to the *Tribune* in the old anti-slavery days that it was time enough to emancipate the slaves when they asked to be free? Mr. Mill says truly that the women in an Oriental harem do not complain of not having the freedom of European women; but while that fact undoubtedly enables men to retain them longer in that kind of bondage it does not render it less unjust.

The book of Mr. Mill, which we most heartily commend to every one who is interested in human progress, is an exhaustive but small volume, for the subject is very simple, and may be very concisely stated. The usual talk about the "natural sphere" of the sex is pointless, because, until the very freedom of choice and development which the reform demands is granted, it is as absolutely impossible to determine the sphere of women as it would be that of men had they always been similarly constrained. When a man tells us of the heaven-appointed sphere of lovely woman he merely tells us what his theory of that sphere is; to which there can be no objection until he puts his theory into law and attempts artificially to produce the sphere which theoretically pleases him; and pleases him not from conformity to right reason, but from very different and very much lower considerations.

Frederick Douglass has always said, with great good sense, that what the colored race in this country wants is to be let alone; in other words, to be suffered to have the same fair play that other races have. But when conventions of full-grown men, like the late Democratic Conventions in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and California, solemnly resolve that the negro ought not to be allowed to do this and that, upon the ground that he is not fitted for it, the instinctive reply is, "What do you know about his fitness, who have never given him the opportunity to prove it?" The absurd position of the Democratic party in regard to the negro is precisely that of society at large in regard to women. It begins by begging the question. With Dr. Bushnell it denounces the movement as a reform against Nature, but with a horribly suspicious unwillingness to let Nature vindicate herself. We venture to say that there are friends of the reform who have quite as romantic and poetic a respect for women as Dr. Bushnell, but who add to it such a practical trust as to believe that even with the largest liberty they will not as a sex do what Nature did not intend them to do.

Meanwhile we are exceedingly mistaken if the proceedings and resolutions of the Women's Convention at Saratoga do not very favorably compare in every point with those of the Men's Conventions at Harrisburg and Columbus. For which is the higher and more practical wisdom for intelligent Americans at this day—to resolve with the men that the national faith shall be dishonored and the equal rights of American citizens denied, or to resolve with the women that, "as we deny the right of one class of men to define the rights and duties of another class of men, so do we emphatically deny the right of one sex to define the rights and duties of another sex?"

## NOTES.

Mr. Seward is indulging in most Californian rhetoric. With the same ardor that he made a famous speech at the Astor House in New York on the 22d of December, 1860, he said at San Francisco, on the Fourth of July, 1869, that he anticipated the time when there would be three Pacific Railroads, when the waste country between the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains would be covered with trees and vegetation, when our star of empire shall shed its light north to the Arctic Ocean and south until its rays mingle with those of the Southern Cross in the tropics. "This period," he said, "I anticipate not to be very distant. I hope all here will live to see it. I hope I shall live to see it. I think it is only about seven years away from us now. I think it will have taken place by 1876—the year of the hundredth anniversary of American independence." He then sat down, and naturally amidst "immense, enthusiastic, and long-continued cheering."

The State Temperance Convention in Maine, as we have already mentioned, has nominated a separate ticket for State officers. In New York it urges, as a sacred duty, upon all temperance men to persuade their parties to nominate only strict temperance candidates. But the Convention does not say what a Republican is to do if his powers of persuasion fail, and his party nominates an unpledged Republican and the Opposition a Temperance Democrat. Is he to disregard his Republicanism or his temperance? In Ohio a separate ticket will probably be nominated. And the Republican who supports it will have to show that the probable success of Mr. Vallandigham, and his friends in consequence, is of greater service to good morals and public order, including the interests of the temperance reform, than their defeat.

The Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Gulf, Mr. Granville P. Hawes, made a very trenchant reply to the remarkable letters of General Blair, in regard to his recent remarkable performance as a guest of the Society. General Blair said that he believed the Society, whose hospitality he had accepted, to be a "Radical stalking-horse," and delivered himself to his hosts accordingly. Mr. Hawes observes with vigor to this excuse, that the Constitution of the Society expressly precludes the discussion of politics, and that its rigid enforcement in the General's particular case by Admiral Farragut should have quieted him forever upon that point. He then adds: "There is no man connected with the Society who ever held a political office [oh! Mr. Blair!], who wants a political office [ah! Mr. Blair!], or who, through fear that he can't get one, is afraid of calling a rebel by his right name [ah, ah! Mr. Blair!]; neither will they allow politicians, Democratic or Republican, to call them to account for 'aspersing rebels,' especially if the remark is illustrated by comparing Lee and Stonewall Jackson with Farragut and Sheridan, who were also our guests, and were then sitting with us at our own table." So says the Army of the Gulf, so say we all, Mr. Blair.

"A Hand-Book of the River Plate," compiled and printed in Buenos Ayres, and issued in this city by Collins & Brother, contains the most copious and detailed information in regard to the Argentine Republic. A second volume, which is to follow immediately, will treat of Uruguay and Paraguay. The information is very interesting, and to any one who proposes removing to that region, or who would be familiar with it, the Hand-Book is indispensable.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention met at Harrisburg, July 14, and nominated Hon. Asa Packer for Governor. The resolutions adopted declare against the exercise of doubtful constitutional powers, and that Pennsylvania will never give up the great right of local self-government; that the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by the Legislature of the State ought to be repealed, and the question submitted to the people for their decision; that the negro should not have the ballot; that the finances need reform; that labor reforms should be encouraged; that the whole Reconstruction policy tends to destroy republican government and establish tyranny; that our soldiers should not be forgotten; that our sympathies should be given to nations struggling for liberty; and that our system of taxation is burdensome, and should be done away with.

The President has issued his proclamation ordering the election in Mississippi on the 30th of November, the fourth Tuesday. He submits the test and disfranchising clauses to separate vote.

The through train from New York to Washington, which left the former at 9.30 P.M., July 12, came in collision with a hand-car loaded with telegraph cross-arms, two miles south of the Susquehanna River, throwing the engine, baggage-car, and mail-car down an embankment five feet high. No one was hurt. The train was delayed about six hours.

A dreadful disaster occurred on the night of July 14 at Mast Hope, 16 miles west of Port Jervis, on the Erie Railroad. The night express train from New York came into collision with a freight train not properly switched off. The engine and four cars were wrecked and destroyed. Nine passengers were burned alive, among them the Rev. B. B. Halleck, of this city, who was uninjured by the collision, but could not extricate himself from the burning wreck. The verdict of the coroner's jury holds the engineer of the freight train responsible.

The Chinese Labor Convention was held at Memphis, Tennessee, July 13, and called together a large number of prominent men from all parts of the South. A number of Chinamen have already been introduced to the South, and the planters are exceedingly well pleased with them. They are not only patient and faithful workers, but they seem well adapted to the climate and industries of the South.

A dispatch from Omaha gives reports from General A. E. Carr of his operations against the Indians. On the 11th of July he surprised a village of "dog soldiers" and Cheyennes, under command of Tall Bull, and killed fifty-two of them, and captured seventeen women and children, among them the wife and daughter of Tall Bull. The Indians had two white women, who had been taken on the Saline River, and they had murdered one whose first name is said to be Susanna. General Carr captured 350 animals and many lodges, rifles, pistols, etc. The names of the chiefs captured are Good Bear, Whicler, Powder Face, Pretty Bear, Stain Face, and Bull Thigh. He followed them ten days, and found them at South Platte, near Valley Station.

The District-Attorney and Marshal of New York have severally been instructed, at any and all hazards, to enforce the Neutrality laws and break up the expeditions against Cuba. For this purpose they have each been empowered by a commission from the President, under the great seal, authorizing them to call on General M'Dowell for such troops as they may require, and the Admiral in command of the Navy-yard for such vessels and forces as they may deem necessary to prevent the departure of any hostile expedition; and they are also directed to pursue any such expedition, and capture on the high seas, if necessary.

The *Great Eastern* arrived off St. Pierre July 13. The splice with the shore end was effected the next day, when a message was sent by the cable to the French Emperor.

The Peabody Institute, in the town of Peabody, Massachusetts, formerly South Danvers, established mainly by the bounty of Mr. George Peabody, was dedicated July 14.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

In the Corps Legislatif, July 12, a message from Emperor Napoleon was presented and read by Minister Rouher. The message states that the Emperor has resolved to convoke the Senate to consider the following questions, viz: The right of the Corps Legislatif to elect its own officers; the simplification of the methods of presenting and examining amendments to projects of law; the submission to the Corps of commercial treaties for approval; the control of the budget; the abolition of any incompatibility which exists between holding at the same time a seat in the Corps and office in the Ministry; and the extension of the right of interpellation. Similar questions with respect to the Senate are hereafter to be considered. The Emperor believes that these measures will meet all demands. In conclusion, he asks the Deputies to consider how often he has abandoned certain of his own prerogatives in the public interest for those already granted, which form an integral part of the institutions of the Empire. They ought to leave intact those rights which have been explicitly confided to him by the people, and which are essential conditions of power as the safeguards of order and society.

The French Cabinet has been reorganized. M. Rouher, who was Minister of State, has been invited to assume the Presidency of the Senate. The new Cabinet is thus constituted: Minister of the Interior, De Forcade la Roquette; Minister of Justice, Duvergier; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Auvergne; Minister of Finance, Pierre Magne; Minister of Commerce, Alfred Leroux; Minister of Public Works, Gressier; Minister of Marine, Admiral Genouilly; Minister of War, Marshal Neil; Minister of Public Instruction, Bourbeau; Minister of State, Chasseloup.

M. Lesseps officially announces that the ceremony of the opening of the Suez Canal will take place on the 17th of next November.

A riot occurred at Belfast, Ireland, July 12, between Orangemen and Roman Catholics, and for a time mob law was supreme. The occasion of the disturbance was a strong public demonstration made by the Orange societies.

The British House of Lords on the night of July 13 resumed consideration of the Irish Church bill. An amendment was passed providing for concurrent endowment, 121 to 114. The bill was then passed. It was taken up in the House of Commons on the 15th. Mr. Gladstone said, with respect to the amendments which had been made to the bill, that the Government proposed to restore the preamble and the date of disestablishment as they appeared in the original bill; they would agree to the amendments relating to curates' annuities and to the protection of annuitants, with some modifications; but all other amendments they should oppose, with the single exception of the grant of half a million of pounds in lieu of private benefactions made before 1660.

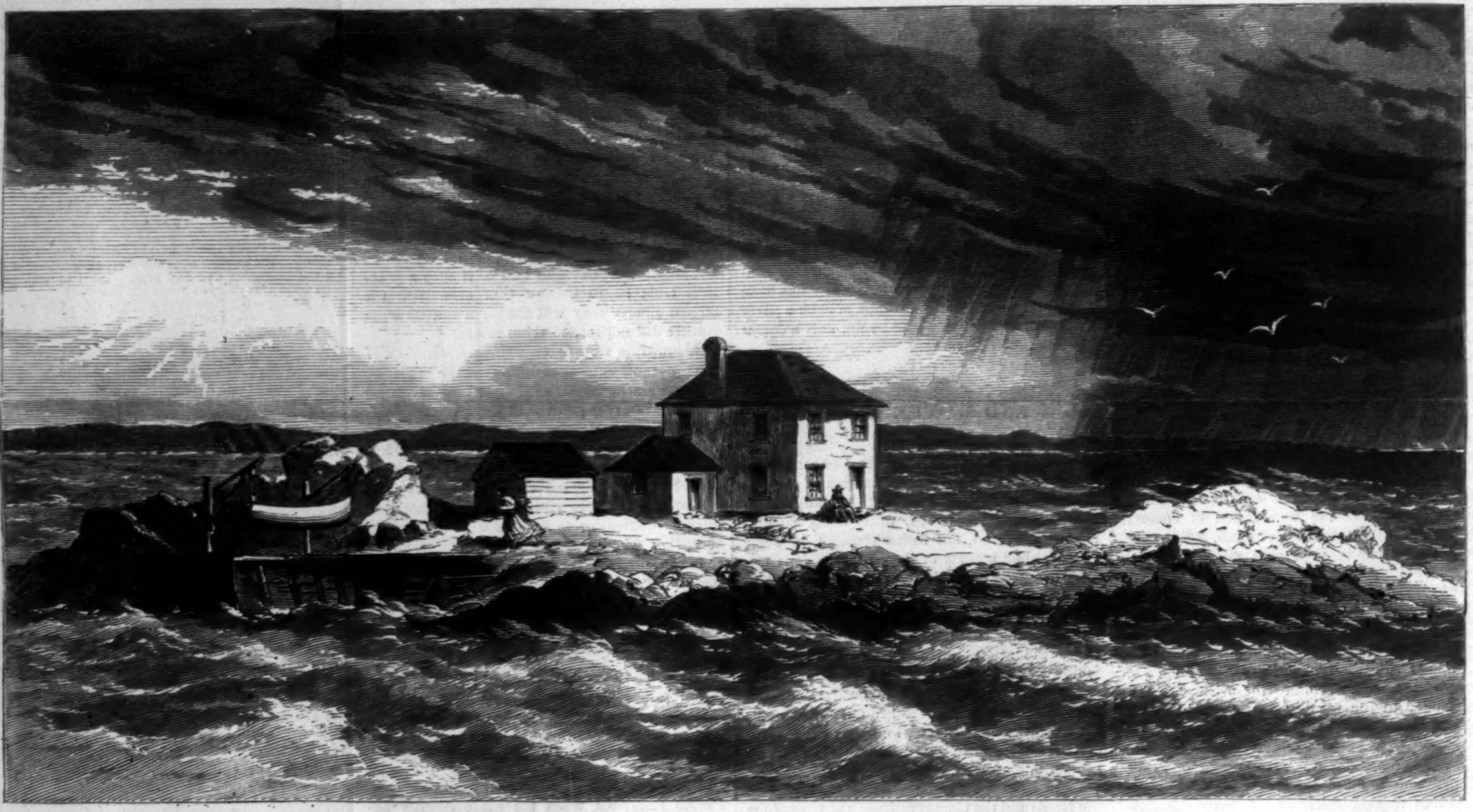
Baron Von Beust has replied to the recent circular of the Bavarian Prime Minister, Prince Hohenlohe, on the Œcumenical Council. He refuses to take part in the proposed Conference of Catholic Powers against the anticipated decisions of the Council, and says he considers it time to take steps when the Council declares against the rights of states.

A new Spanish Cabinet has been formed, with General Prim as President of the Council and Minister of War; Admiral Topete as Minister of Marine; Silvela as Minister of State; Sogasta as Minister of the Interior; Echegaray as Minister of Agriculture; Ardanez as Minister of Finance; Zoulla as Minister of Justice; and Becerra as Minister of the Colonies.

The French and Prussian Governments have recognized the Spanish Regency.

The attendance of Russian bishops at the Œcumenical Council is forbidden by the Czar.

The consumption of beer in Munich and throughout all Bavaria is something wonderful. It is emphatically the national beverage, employing something like six thousand establishments, which make over a hundred million gallons every year, and, though lightly taxed, the amount from this source paid into the treasury is more than one-half of the entire revenue of this prosperous kingdom.



LIME ROCK ISLAND, OFF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—[Sketched by C. G. Bush.]

## IDA LEWIS,

### THE NEWPORT HEROINE.

The Newport "Grace Darling" was born in the city of Newport, Rhode Island, in the year 1842. Her father, Captain Hosea Lewis, was appointed keeper of the Lime Rock Light in 1854. It is located upon a rock covering a few hundred square feet of space, at the southern entrance of Newport Harbor, and is entirely surrounded by water. Hence the only means of communication with the land is by a boat. Soon after the appointment of Mr. Lewis a small dwelling-house was erected on the rock, and his family took possession thereof in 1858. Mr. Lewis was paralyzed about eight years ago, and since that time has been almost a helpless cripple. His wife has since been obliged to give most of her time to caring for the light and keeping it in order, while Ida, the eldest of four children, has looked after the family, transported her brothers and sisters to and from Newport almost daily, for the purpose of attending school, and aided in supporting the family.

She first distinguished herself as a rescuer of human life in the same year that she went with the family to reside in the light-house. Four lads, who were in a small boat, were upset, and were in imminent danger of perishing, when Ida, discovering their situation, put off in her boat, and succeeded in picking them all up and restoring them to consciousness.

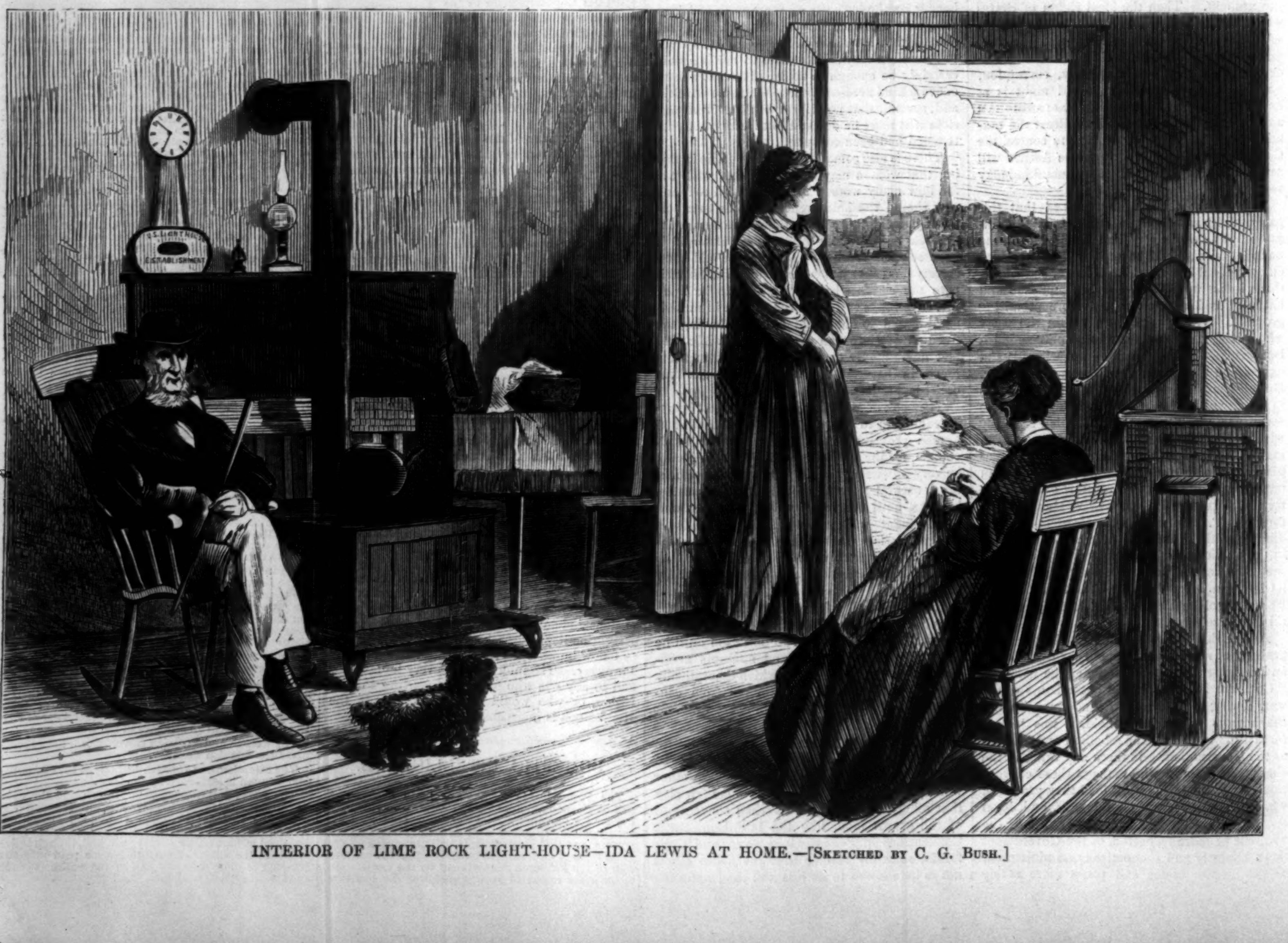
In the winter of 1866, on one of the coldest days ever known in this latitude, Ida rescued a soldier who had endeavored to have a sail in a frail skiff. It was a most daring feat, and required courage and perseverance such as few of the male sex even are possessed of.

During the prevalence of a gale in the fall of 1867, two men, who had lost a valuable sheep overboard, while searching for the animal, found themselves in imminent danger of being swamped. Ida saw their peril from the light-house, and, with her accustomed promptitude, jumped into her boat and went to their rescue. After landing them safely on shore, she returned and saved the sheep also.

Soon after the above, on one stormy, cold night, a boatman whose craft was disabled took refuge on an isolated rock half a mile distant from Ida's dwelling. Finding himself in danger of perishing from cold, he shouted for help, and his cries being heard, Ida started out promptly and added to her previous bright record by the rescue of another imperiled life.

Miss Lewis's last and crowning act of heroism was the rescue from drowning of two soldiers on Monday, the 29th of March, 1869. She was quite unwell at the time, suffering from a severe cold. The soldiers had started from Newport for Fort Adams in a small boat under the guidance of a boy who professed to be capable of managing it. They had proceeded about half the distance when the boat was swamped, and the boy perished almost immediately. Miss Lewis's mother discovered the position of the soldiers, who were clinging to the boat in an almost exhausted condition. She immediately reported the fact to her daughter, and the latter rushed out without covering either on her head or feet, save a pair of stockings, and jumping into the boat she called to her younger brother to go with and aid her. A fearful gale was raging at the time, and the management of a boat was extremely difficult, even to an experienced oarswoman like Ida. Nevertheless, the feat was accomplished, the men were dragged into the boat and taken to the light-house, one of them being so much exhausted as to require much hard work before he could be restored to consciousness.

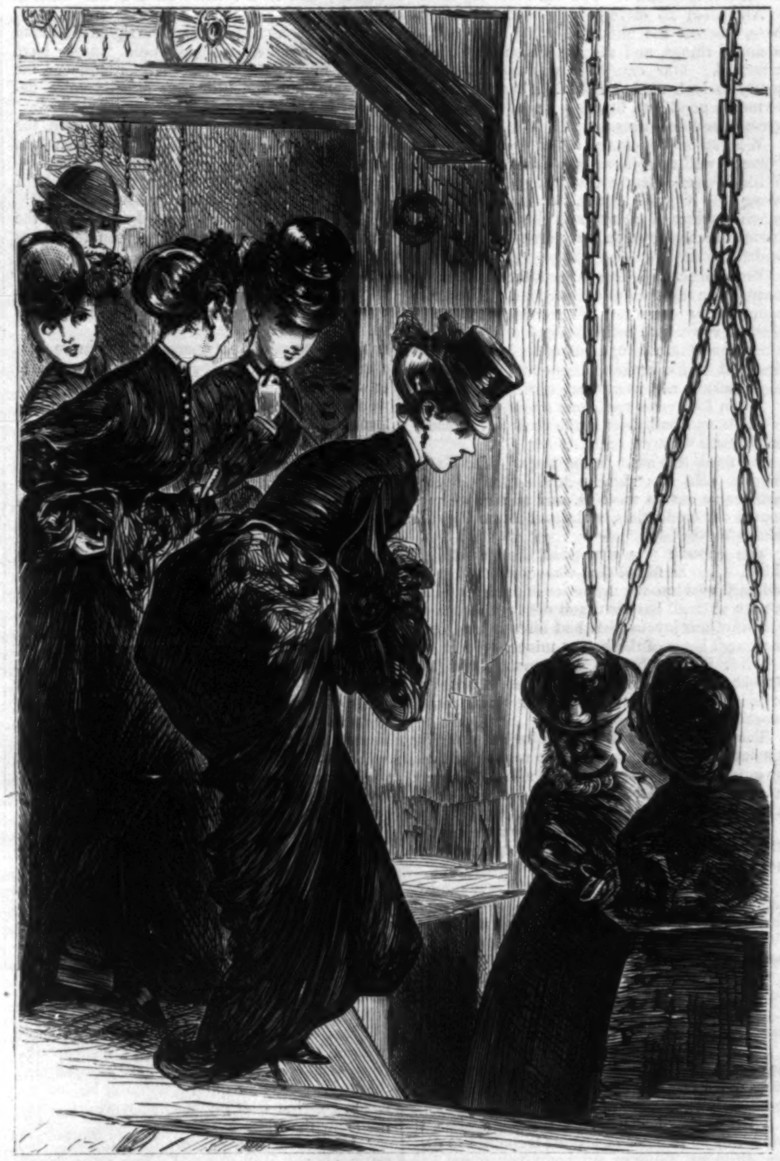
Miss Lewis has received a handsome gold watch from the two young soldiers. On July 5 one of the most interesting features of the celebration of Independence Day at Newport was the presentation to Miss Lewis of a beautiful and costly boat. The presentation was made by the inhabitants of Newport.



INTERIOR OF LIME ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE—IDA LEWIS AT HOME.—[Sketched by C. G. Bush.]

## IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.

I THINK we created some excitement at Falmouth. Unconventional in our attire, merry in our deportment, excited in our demeanor, and altogether imbued with that excellent Mark Tapleian philosophy of being "jolly under any circumstances," it is small wonder that we did create some excitement at Falmouth. We have none of us a word to say against Falmouth—a charming, health-giving, and delightful spot, in the most beautiful of all English counties, Cornwall—indeed, we are all of us inclined to mark with a white stone the day that the Falmouth expedition was proposed in a certain smoking-room, of which history knoweth not, but individuals a very great deal. The little army that invaded the place of which I am speaking, where the sea is of the bluest and the harbor of the grandest description, was mixed in its tastes, talent, and temper. In this consisted our jollity. We gave and took; smothered our absurdities; advertised our excellences; offended no one, and seldom laid ourselves open to giving offense. I am not egotistical, for I am speaking of the party in its collective form. We behaved prettily on all occasions. It was too hot to put ourselves out of temper, and the society too pleasant to suggest boredom. If young Cecil, the budding poet, chose to read Tennyson's Idyls—backed up most strongly by Isaline Langworthy, with the fair hair and blue eyes—on the pleasant cliff underneath the castle, we raised no objection. Those who cared to hear Cecil spout listened; and those who detested poetry went to sleep. If the famous Farquaharson, briefless barrister, orator, and sucking politician, chose to discuss Mr. John Stuart Mill and the female franchise, women's rights, and the rest of it—backed up most strongly by Maude Carruthers, with the raven hair and olive complexion—we allowed him to rap his knuckles on the table, and talk us into a semi-idiotic state of stupor. If Harry Armstrong found delight in bringing his London manners into Cornwall, and preferred the society of a certain soft-eyed little divinity who sold newspapers and gum-arabic in the town to our sweet society, we allowed him to make excuses for deserting us, and, with the exception of a little innocent and unavoidable "chaff," he was free to "spoon" all day in the stationer's shop for aught we cared. We excused Lilian Corner's scales and morning exercises for the sake of her Heller, Hiller, Schubert, and Chopin; her tarantellas, moonlight sonatas, and reveries, with which we were favored in the evening if we behaved ourselves very prettily. The "irrepressible Edgar," as we used to call the youngest male member of our community, was allowed to give full vent to his overflowing spirits all day long, provided he woke us betimes in the morning to get our matutinal plunge in the blue waters that curled themselves refreshingly into "Summer Cove." And what of our host and hostess? Theirs indeed was a rule of love; and as they allowed us to do exactly as we liked, we were the more considerate in meeting their wishes and pulling all together.


"BLINKING LIKE AN OLD OWL, I ARRIVED SAFE AND SOUND ON TERRA FIRMA."

We had vainly imagined that we had seen every thing worth seeing in the environs of Falmouth, and enjoyed ourselves as much as is consistent with human nature, when our party received a valuable addition. A certain sweet songstress of whom the world has heard, and of whom the world will ere long hear a great deal more, came down among us to breathe her native air, and get new inspirations and health from the woods and caverns, and rocks and sea-music, with which we were surrounded.

But the songstress did not come alone. She brought her sweet voice and all our old pet songs; the songs set to words which were poetry, and the words wedded to music which breathed of love, and was therefore quite unsalable; she brought her cheery manner and her indomitable pluck—she has been in the saddle during the late American campaign for days and days, has this sweet songstress of mine—and she brought her brother.

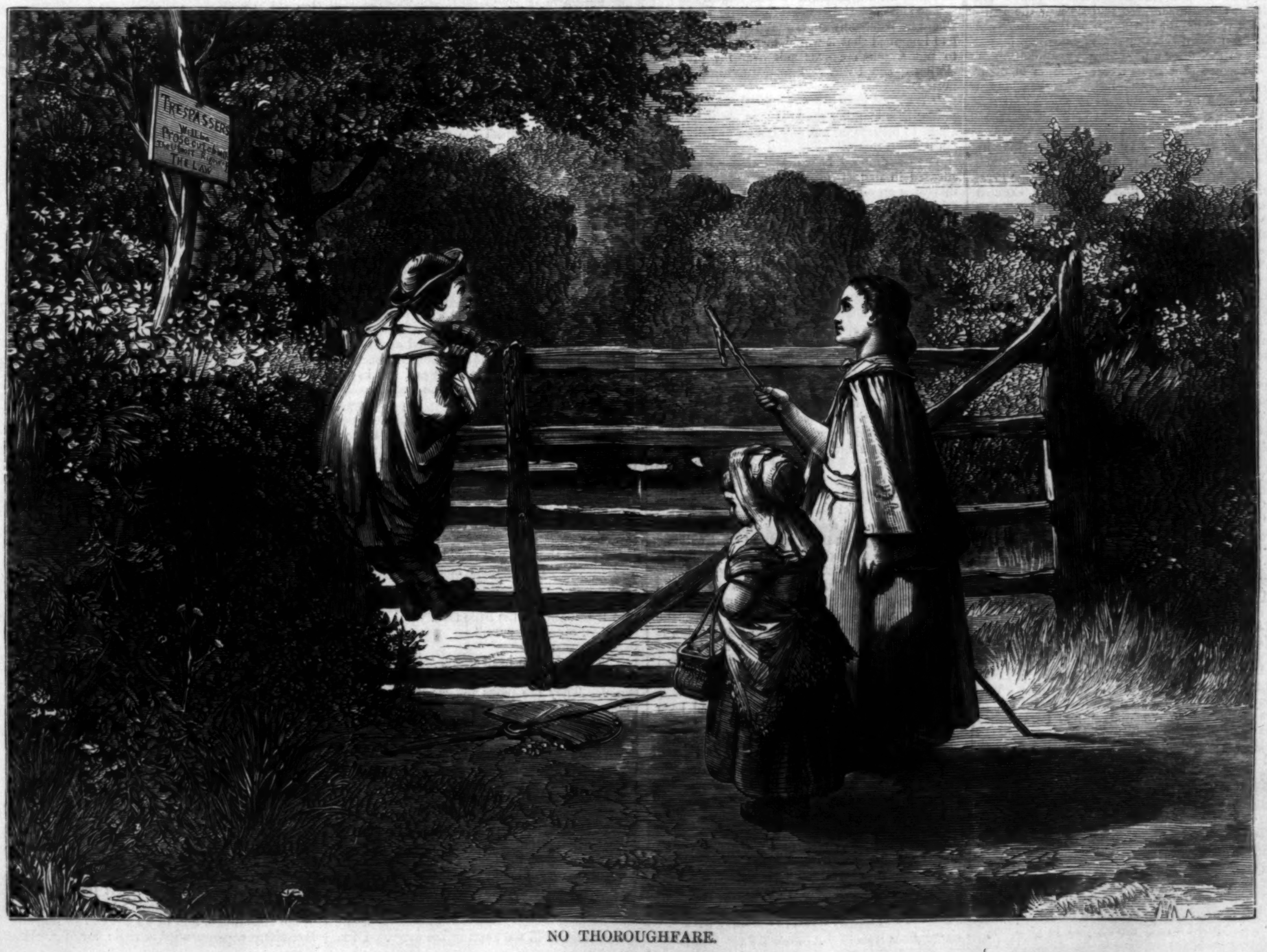
Her brother was such a good fellow that I must really introduce him with a little bit of a preface. He was, if I may make use of an expression, most puzzling at school, and most useful in after-life—a walking oxymoron. He was an Englishman, and not an Englishman. An Englishman he was in heart, and speech, and bearing; but destiny had stolen him away from his native land years ago, to shed his cheeriness on other climes.

So much, however, did he love the old country that once in every three or four years he wended his way back again—the lucky swallow!—his pockets full of gold, and his heart full of love, to spend a holiday in England and a little fortune in generosity.

During these holiday trips he never left his sister or his parents; and as his sister and his parents had chosen to run down to Falmouth, like a dutiful fellow, Washington followed them thither.

We were at breakfast when Washington burst in upon us at Falmouth; and breakfast at Falmouth was not such an early meal as it might have been. With that generosity and unselfishness which is characteristic of Englishmen, I will at once exculpate the whole male portion of our party.

The irrepressible Edgar was bound to wake us in the morning; and we were always on our backs in the sea by eight o'clock. But the women! oh, those dear women! Well, generally speaking, we had but little to complain of. They were cheerful, and bore the fatigue which strong-legged men not unfrequently impose upon fragile women without a murmur; but they were not proof against the nightly exercise of that highly necessary, but eminently female organ, the human tongue! At ten o'clock deceptive yawns were chorused forth, to take us off our guard, and persuade us to allow them to go to bed.



NO THOROUGHFARE.

Not an objection was urged. The poet perhaps looked somewhat more lachrymose than usual, and the orator came to a dead stop in an able harangue on the "Female Franchise;" but Isaline's hand was squeezed by the poet, and Maude's eyes followed by the orator, without another murmur at ten o'clock.

I am bound to confess that I don't altogether consider that the poet or the orator were quite fairly treated. Ten minutes after Isaline and Maude had disappeared in a bevy of beauty, the strangest, wildest, and most discordant noises proceeded from the upper regions.

That strange freemasonry of women which exists solely and entirely in the upper regions, at a time which should be devoted to sleep and rest, puts aside all thoughts of weariness previously assumed. Then commence the monkey-tricks of women. They wrestle and they plunge, they dance fandangoes in limited attire, they vie with one another in feats of agility and fancy; they talk, they do one another's hair, they do any thing but that for which they left the sweet society of males—go to sleep!

The consequence is that, having devoted the freshest part of the night to folly, they have to devote the smallest part of the night to sleep. And when the morning comes the great hungry men, ravenous from fresh air and salt-water, have to fling pebbles and sand and gravel up at the windows in the upper regions, from which the tantalizing sirens will never emerge.

And so it came about that Washington found us at breakfast at an unorthodox hour, and we all got outrageously chaffed. We very soon saw that there were to be no half-measures with Washington. He did not intend allowing the grass to grow under his feet. His stay in England was limited, and that which had to be done was evidently to be "done quickly."

I must say that, up to the time of Washington's arrival, we had not made the most of our time. In the little smoking-room in which the expedition had been arranged, all sorts of excursions and drives, and picnics and sails, had been mapped out.

But once at Falmouth, we dreamed away our time. It was very pleasant. We bathed till breakfast, and basked till lunch, and lounged till dinner, and sang and strolled till tea, and talked till bedtime; and so day after day slipped away, and Washington found us at breakfast prepared for another day's dream.

I suppose we wanted a leader. Energy—that is to say, personal energy—was out of the question. Washington assumed the vacant directorate and led us. It was a case of

"Ibimus! Ibimus! utcumque precedes Washington."

To tell the truth, it was Washington who persuaded me to go into the heart of the earth.

He did not begin rashly or impetuously. He did not frighten me with an accurate description of the "man-engine," and the "bucket," and the interminable ladders; but in a light and airy way—before all the girls, by-the-by—he led the conversation gently up to mines and mining adventures. He told us how the Princess of Wales and a talented contributor to *Punch* had been down the Botallack; and then taking stock of me, after a preliminary examination of my biceps and a general examination of other muscular developments, he asked me how I should like to be introduced to the Wheal Isabel.

"Of all things in the world," I said, "provided she be young and good-looking. But why Wheal? Is it a sign of endearment or a token of respect? Am I to understand from the mysterious word Wheal that Isabel is a Cornish Countess, or a Gipsy Queen? Introduce me to the Wheal Isabel? Certainly! Wheal or woe Isabel, could any thing unfortunate be synonymous with such a charming appellation?"

"Hold hard!" he said; "this Cornish air of ours has filled you too full of ozone. Restrain your ardor. Isabel is not an enchanting maiden fashioned by your poetical imagination. She is no gardener's daughter, no maid of Tregedna, no coast mermaiden, no Cornish beauty. She is black, deep, dirty, and terrible. She will cause you a ten-mile ride, trouble, fatigue, and some little expense; but the Wheal Isabel is worth knowing."

"In Heaven's name, then," said I, "who or what is she?"

"The Wheal Isabel," said he, "is one of the largest mines in this magnificent district; and if you would like to be introduced to her you shall."

"Coal?" said I, shuddering.

"Or tin?" echoed the mucilaginous Armstrong.

"Gold, no doubt," whispered Isaline in my ear.

"Nonsense," said Washington; "copper."

I very soon saw that at this very early period of the entertainment there was no getting out of an introduction to Wheal Isabel.

The curiosity of the women was fairly aroused. And that was quite enough.

In an instant the programme was mapped out entirely to the satisfaction of the girls. We were all to ride over to the Wheal Isabel under the mentorship of Washington, and I was to be the unhappy victim sacrificed on the copper altar.

Friend Washington, who at one time had been all cockahoop about the dangers and daring of the expedition, got out of it, or rather of the fatiguing part of it, with that irritating air of indifference peculiar to leaders of expeditions.

"You know, my dear fellow, I have seen these kind of things so often before that it is really hardly worth while the trouble of changing one's clothes for it," said he, with that charming tone of superiority which is so comforting to the man who knows that he is about to make a fool of himself for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. "But I would advise you to go down," he added, suspicious that I would back out of it at the last moment. "You will never regret it."

And then he cleverly magnified me into a hero, whereat the girls said pretty and complimentary things, and the expedition was finally arranged. Our cavalcade was not altogether pretty to look at, but I think it may be safely termed a good one to go. Falmouth was not great in saddle-horses.

We had a 'bus-horse, a hearse-horse, a fly-horse, a wall-eyed horse, and a broken pommel. With these excellent assistants to a ten-mile ride along the Cornish roads, we started, amidst much laughter of parents and cheering of neighboring butcher-boys, on our journey to the Wheal Isabel.

Very black and barren grew the land as we neared the Queen of Copperdom. The trees somehow or other left off growing; the fields seemed sown with ashes instead of grass; tall chimneys emitted huge volumes of smoke, and deserted shafts, broken wheels, and grimy-looking monsters met us at every turn.

When four cross roads met amidst a labyrinth of shafts and outhouses in the centre of a blackened heath we drew rein.

"I think this must be the place," said Washington. He was right. A stalwart Cornishman came out to meet us, and to him we presented our credentials, addressed to the Captain of the Mine.

The captain was somewhat disappointed, I think, when he found that we were not all to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of mining. Miners are after all but men, and the laughing merriment of our joyous girls had already won over the rough heart of the honest miner.

"No, it is only this gentleman," said the treacherous Washington, with the old tone of superiority again. "I have been down mines scores of times."

This was all very well of Washington, vaunting his superiority in this way; but why should he, by implication, assert that I was a fool because I was a novice, and because I had *not* been down a mine?

I was quite prepared to go through all the dirty work, but I wanted to be thought a hero, not a jackass.

The girls stood by me bravely. Their sympathy relieved me from some of the humiliation I felt; and they seemed determined, at all events, that I should not go down into the heart of the earth without a cheer.

I was handed over to the tender mercies of a sub-captain, who hinted that it would be as well if two other miners were told off as a private escort, to guard me through the lower regions.

"It's as well to have two or three with you, Sir," said he; "they treat you with more respect down below, and they're a rough lot, I can tell you."

I assented, of course. At such a time it would, by no manner of means, be politic to dissent from any thing or any body.

For the next hour or so my life was in the hands of the slaves of the Wheal Isabel.

The sub-captain led me into a little outhouse, where he personally superintended my toilet. I had imagined that it would merely be necessary to put a rough canvas suit over my ordinary clothes. But I was very soon disabused of this notion.

"We must have every thing off, Sir," said my guide, in a soothing medical tone, as if he were about to operate on me. "It's an awfully dirty place down there."

The costume will bear description. I was first encased in flannel, clean, of course; and over this came an old clay-stained, muddy, stiff miner's suit. My feet were wrapped in two flannel dusters and then thrust into a pair of old miner's shoes, miles too big for me. On my head was placed a very stiff billy-cock hat, literally as hard as iron, smeared with tallow grease. On the brim in front the captain dabbed a lump of clay, and into this he stuck a farthing rush-light. About half a dozen more rush-lights were suspended to my waist, and I was then pronounced ready for action.

On our way across the open to the hut in which our party was resting, my attendant asked me which way I intended to go down. Asked me, indeed! as if I knew what the good fellow was talking about. I was only anxious not to look a fool, and to do exactly what I was told. I must own that I felt a perfect child in his hands.

"Will you go down," said he, "by the ladders, or by the bucket, or by the man-engine?"

He might just as well have asked me the Hindostanee for Wheal Isabel.

"The ladders," said he, by way of explanation, "are the most tiring and the most tedious. You will take a good hour to get down by the ladders. The bucket is a dirty way of going down; besides, in this mine, it is used alone for bringing up the rubble and the ore, and any interference with this arrangement stops the working of the mine. Now the man-engine is the quickest way, and it is the way all the men here go down. Would you like to try it?" and then he added, looking at me, "but you must be very careful."

This was the first suggestion that had been made to me that there was any danger in my undertaking. Now the principle of the bucket and the ladders I naturally understood, but I had no more idea what a man-engine was than the man in the moon. My mentor, for some mysterious reason of his own, kept on quietly pressing the superior advantage of the man-engine. And so I consented. If I had only known then, at that quiet moment, away from the laughing girls and the heroic Washington, what I was undertaking, and the mortal agony I was about to endure, my prudence would most certainly have got the better of my pride, and I should have been whizzed quietly down in the dirty bucket.

But as it was, in my ignorance and in the innocence of my heart, I decided for the man-engine; and in a minute more I was ushered into the hut.

My quaint appearance was the signal for a loud burst of laughter. Some would "never have known me, would you?" others pronounced me a fright; but one little soft angelic voice declared me to be "a handsome young miner."

"You're sure you are all right?" said the same little confiding voice. "Have you had some brandy?"

"All right," said I, feeling very pale. "I should think so. Particularly now."

"But how are you going down?" said the sweet voice; "the captain has been telling us all about it."

"By the man-engine."

"For mercy's sake, don't! It's very dangerous if you're not accustomed to it. He told me so."

That tone of entreaty persuaded me more than ever that I would take the most dangerous route. It was very brutal, I know, but at such a time I would sooner have died than shown the white feather.

They escorted me toward the infernal machine like a criminal on his road to execution,

"Set it agoing, Bill," said the sub-captain; and then in a few terse sentences he explained the principle of the engine.

Two parallel horizontal bars provided with iron steps at intervals of about ten yards were forever working up and down—up and down. The method of getting down the shaft was by passing from bar to bar, and from step to step, the very instant the word "Change" was given. It was essentially requisite to change the moment the word of command was given, and to make no bungle or shuffle about the operation. The engine waited for no man. There was no possibility of calling a halt, and no saving hand to catch one if a miss was made. All one's safety rested with one's self. One false step or false clutch at the next rung, and it would have been all over with me. Now this fun was all very well with the daylight shining down the shaft, when one could see the iron steps and see the handles, but in the pitch darkness it was simply awful. The rush-light in one's hat gave little or no light; and it was ten chances to one if the water dashing off the sides of the shaft did not extinguish it.

They practiced me at first for a turn or two about a hundred yards up and down the shaft, and even in the daylight I bungled a little.

"You must change quicker, Sir," said my guide; "if the iron steps knock against you it will be all up with you."

I was very pale, I know, after the first short practice. I felt that I was doing a madcap act, I know that the men ought to have stopped me; the little voice, now quite trembling, begged me not to go; but I bit my lips and vowed I would not show the white feather.

"Do you think you are all right, Sir?" said my guide. "Will you go? You must decide now finally."

"All right," I said.

And then the bell rung, and down we went. I saw the little face—it was the very last thing I saw—and upon my honor I really and truly felt that I should never see that little face again, except by a miracle.

But there was no time then to think of any thing but my own safety.

That terribly monotonous word "Change" came ringing out from the dark depths of the shaft, uttered by the sub-captain on the next ledge below me. And I knew that my life depended upon every change.

Hours, days, years, yes, and centuries seemed to pass between every change. It was like a hideous nightmare. The awful suspense between every word of command; the feeling that something terrible might happen next time; the loneliness of my situation, the darkness of the shaft, the rush of the water, the glimmer of the rush-lights going down; the sad, hollow echo of the captain's voice giving the word of command and exhorting me to be careful, now kindly, now fearfully; all these things combined made up as hideous a day-dream as it is possible to conceive.

For full five-and-twenty minutes I was in this awful suspense, and in that time went through about five hundred changes.

At last, half blinded with beads of cold perspiration, and nearly dead with fright, I heard the welcome bell ring again, and I was safe on the first ledge of the mine.

The man-engine went no further, and the rest of the journey had to be accomplished by ladders. I never told the men what I suffered, but in a rough, kindly way I was congratulated on my feat.

"I never thought you would have come, Sir," said one. "It frightens most after the first turn."

"Can't you signal up that we are all safe," said I, thinking of the little face.

"Yes, Sir, to be sure."

And they did.

The signal came back again, "Thank God!" and all the miners took off their hats at the last signal. They are pious fellows, these Cornish miners.

I was quite two hours away from my friends, groping about, now on my hands and knees, now down ladders from ledge to ledge, now in a stooping position, now erect in the dark, mysterious corridors I found in the heart of the earth. It was hot—stifling hot, hotter than the very hottest room in a Turkish bath. But the stalwart, half-clad men working away at the ore were so interesting, and the metal sparkled so on the ground, and the scene was so strange and fascinating, that I could not tear myself away.

On and on I went, still forever walking on. I was very thirsty, and would have given any thing for a draught of beer. But no stimulants of any kind are found in the heart of the earth. I was allowed, however, to put my mouth to the bung-hole of a water-barrel, and very refreshing was the draught.

"You can walk on like this for hours, Sir," said the captain, seeing I was tired, and still determined not to give in.

"Is it pretty much the same?"

"I think you have seen all now," said he.

So we went back.

"Which way will you go?" said my guide.

I *was* very tired.

"In the bucket," I said, without any hesitation.

With my pockets laden with copper ore, and in the rough embrace of a stalwart miner—for it was close quarters for two in the bucket—we were swung up to the daylight.

Dash went the bucket against the sides of the shaft, through which the water oozed and trickled and splashed. Lighter and lighter it became, until, at last, I saw above me the clear, blue, cloudless sky; and, half-dazzled with the glaring light, and blinking like an old owl, I arrived safe and sound on terra firma.

They greeted me with another loud peal of laughter, louder and merrier than the last. My appearance was certainly not prepossessing. I was covered with red mud from head to foot, hot, disheveled, wild, and weary. And then "I smelt so pah!" as Hamlet says. However, a refreshing cold bath, a hair-brush, rough towels, and a change of clothes soon made me presentable; and after an excellent luncheon in the board-room of the owners of the Wheal Isabel, we were all very soon trotting away toward Falmouth.

* * * * * * *

One word more. A brooch made from the copper ore I brought up from the mine rests on the neck of the owner of the little face which is looking at me as I write from a distant corner of the room. Sometimes when I am out of sorts—which is not very often now—I wake up suddenly from a disturbed dream in my old arm-chair, and fancy somehow that the little face is gone, that there is a strange singing in my ears, and from a dark unearthly vault a voice keeps moaning, "Change."

## EVENING.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

CHILD! let me journey on my way;
It is already cold and late,
The closing of a dreary day,
And I may neither pause nor wait.

Why sing to me? So tenderly,
So strangely sounds thy noontide song!
What was the word? Love? Love? Ah me!
I had forgotten it so long.

And yet, I think, in days long past,
I think the word once sounded sweet!
But now the road is darkening fast,
I go where rest the weary feet.

The darkening road winds surely on,
And slower flag the steps, and slower;
My early fire is dead and gone,
And every hour I feel it more.

## FLIRTATION À LA JUDITH.

THERE is a beauty that dazzles at first sight, and afterward shows more and more defective. And there is a beauty to which you are drawn by an attraction so subtle that you are not at first sure that it is beauty; a better kind but dangerous, apt to become for a man the one face in the world. Of this order was May Barcarole. A brown-eyed, brown-haired beauty. And for her moral nature generous, haughty, ignorant, impulsive. In theory a detester of men; a little twenty-year-old radical, progressively burning to avenge the wrongs of all other women. In fact, a belle.

This pretty little reformer, with her cousin Betty Blondel, was spending a summer at the Hermitage. Mrs. Margrave was fond of young people, and the old house was always gay with them. There were a dozen other young men and women, and more were coming, Eversham among the rest. His aunt wrote Mrs. Margrave "that she should bring him as her favorite nephew, and that they would be sure to like him."

"Like him!" echoed Mrs. Margrave, laying down the letter with a stately shiver, and every body shivered responsively, and looked at Betty Blondel. Betty turned a greenish yellow and rose. May dropped her netting and rose also. The young ladies looked with indignant sympathy toward the young men. The young men returned commiserating glances. Betty's handkerchief was at her eyes as she went out leaning on May, and the retreat was not so expeditiously managed but that a sniff or two were heard outside of the door. Betty was a young lady of uncertain age and complexion, with no particular eyebrows and expression; but at this moment she was the heroine of Hermitage, and excited the deepest interest both in the male and female bosom. Even the waiters had it, and discussed the affair with the cook and up stairs girl in the privacy of the kitchen.

What affair? That is what I find difficulty in explaining. How is one to say such things? In fact, how do such things get to the air? A young lady can not propose to a young man. A young lady can not pay attention to a young man. Only a very bold and daring spirit ever supposes that a young lady seriously considers a young man at all, unless he has behaved in a manner—well—to justify it. At least this was Mrs. Margrave's theory, and of course the theory in the Hermitage, and in all the houses that the Hermitage condescended to visit: for Mrs. Margrave ruled with absolute sway. And it was very distinctly understood, in all these localities, that Betty Blondel had been "disappointed" by Eversham. Do you ask in what way disappointed? My dear girl, technically speaking, there is but one disappointment for a young lady; and it being clearly understood that Eversham had inflicted this disappointment upon her, it is evident that this young man was a brute and a trifler. That may sound sweeping, but examine the theory and you see at once no other conclusion is possible.

Fancy, then, the flutter when this monster was announced as soon to make his appearance at the Hermitage. On hearing it Betty left the room in the dramatic manner already described, and it is difficult to say whether indignation at the monster's audacity or curiosity about his appearance ruled most strongly at the Hermitage till Eversham's arrival. Then it was discovered that Nature makes benevolent provisions, even for monsters. There was no trace in him of the moral hyena. He was a winning man, his manners were unexceptionable. His composure! Ah, that was sublime! His well-bred self-control was so perfect that it was as good as perfect innocence. He met Betty with an air of amiable indifference; the sharpest scrutiny could not detect the quiver of a muscle. He devoted himself to May at once; under her eyes; before every body. It is my belief that he thought himself unsuspected, and that Betty, for her own sake, had given no sign. Otherwise nerves of iron and a brow of brass could not have done it, in my opinion.

And May repulsed him, of course; froze him with scorn; harried him by her saucy wit; avenged the wrongs of her sex in general, and Miss Blondel in particular, in season and out of season? Nothing of the sort, my dear. She listened to him. She smiled on him. She cajoled him. She made bouquets for his button-hole, on the days when he went to the city, and fastened them with her own fair hands. She met him in artful muslin toilets on the piazza when he came back. She was always on his side at croquet, and cheated under his banner. For his sake she threw over Shafton, and Marcy, the other strings to her bow, without compunction. It was a flirtation; and the men somewhat spitefully declared that it would be more—a match, at which the ladies always smiled significantly, as who should say, "We know what we know."

For Eversham—did I not say in the beginning that May's face had that dangerous tendency to become the face of all other faces for a young man? There are many pretty girls, and Eversham flirted with a suitable number, as became him; but besides prettiness, May possessed a look that was at once frank and sweet. There is one recipe for beauty, girls, and an easy one. If you are plain it will redeem you. If you are fair it will make you irresistible, take my word for it. I myself have been three times saved from the estate of a Benedict only by a look of small conceit or pettish vanity on the features I admired. But it is of Eversham we are talking; and Eversham had studied the face till he could neither dream nor plan without it. He thought himself also safe in dreaming of it; for Miss Barcarole was a girl who understood herself and the usages of society, and modestly but plainly Miss Barcarole had encouraged him. In this way they had arrived at that stage—delicious but embarrassing—well known to lovers, where conversation becomes an impossibility, and the most promising subject seldom gets beyond the second sentence. Eversham felt that he must speak, but though he had had experiences with women, he was at a loss how to begin.

"I have something to tell you," he commenced, laying his hand lightly on hers, "though it can hardly be new to you."

May started and looked up. There was no mistaking the face bending toward her. Before he had whispered "I love you" she knew what he was about to say, and the smile not only died away from her lips, but she grew awfully pale. Eversham was embarrassed. He had expected that she would blush, or show some signs of confusion. On the contrary, she sat looking at him rigidly and fixedly, like one nerving herself for a singularly unpleasant duty.

"You must have expected I would tell you this," he repeated, uneasily.

"Yes, I expected it," answered May, mechanically, and looking straight before her.

"And your answer," urged Eversham, telling himself that he ought to be charmed by such frankness, but secretly, if I must confess it, shocked.

"I have no answer," said May, indifferently.

"No *answer!*" He no longer thought of criticising her tone or expression. There had come upon him a sudden, sickening conviction of an intolerable treachery. Her head was turned away, but there was no softening in its lines; on the contrary, something like defiance, and though she felt his look, and grew, if possible, paler yet, she was obstinately silent.

"What do you mean?" he asked, huskily. "What have you intended all this summer?"

"Intended!" The word, for some reason, roused May from her passive defiance, and she turned on him with a cruel smile:

"Why, nothing, Mr. Eversham, only to pass the time. The game of flirtation has its risks, as no one should know better than you. Only it is generally the woman who loses, and the man who goes away smiling for another game elsewhere. You will acknowledge that our game has been well played, and if it is your turn to lose, why, you can set it over against some past victory, you know."

And this was the girl whom he had loved, because he found her sweet and true. Eversham felt as if the ground were gaping under his feet; but he was a man of spirit, and with her last word he was ready for her.

"Quite right," he answered, coolly. "And, as you say, the game has been well played—by you. I admit that I was entirely deceived, and, in spite of some past knowledge of women, I really thought you honest and modest."

Then, with a formal bow, he turned into a side path (they had been lounging in the garden), and walked there, sick to the heart, wrathful, loathing her very remembrance, and yet torn and tortured by doubts; for at his last cruel words she had looked up at him with a sweet, piteous reproach that argued for her more powerfully than words; and he could have sworn that her soft eyes were full of tears.

And now, no doubt, dear girls, you are triumphantly sure of what you suspected long ago. This was the modern Judith, flirting for revenge! She had avenged the innocent, that is, Betty Blondel, and paid the traitor back with interest. Her success was full-orbed, perfect. She had stabbed him to the heart. His hoarse and altered voice, the twitching of the muscles about his mouth, small evidences as they were, spoke volumes in a man so strong and self-controlled as this one. No doubt about her triumph; but there certainly was one drawback to its enjoyment.

When she came to cut off his head—metaphorically speaking, of course—our little Judith had discovered—that—she loved Holofernes! Poor little spider! Weaving webs for him, how hopelessly had she tangled herself! Long ago she had been conscience-stricken to find how delightful it was to punish him, how much more she thought of him than of her revenge, and how seldom the vision of Betty rose between them. Now she went away successful, but in despair. When he offered her his love her heart acknowledged him as its king. When he turned away from her in scorn she could not help applauding him, and told herself that she should be glad to die, and that he was taking away with him all that would make her life worth living; and she dressed for dinner, morally certain that Eversham would go away that night, as disappointed lovers always do in the romances; and that from henceforth she should be known as the beautiful Iceberg, or something of that sort, and never smile; and by-and-by should marry some stout man to please her father; and when Eversham died should go heavily veiled, and strew roses on his tomb, etc., etc.

After which she went down stairs and flirted with Jo Shafton shamefully.

But Eversham did not depart, as per romance bound. On the contrary, he staid there quietly. Partly because of the doubts that haunted him, partly to show that he did not think her worth a change of plan. So they met each other, as usual, in the eyes of society; but with such a hopeless gulf between them. Smile and gesture the same for the world; but subtle, polite, freezing contempt substituted, she felt, for the tenderness that had been so delightful. No torture of absence could have racked May's tender little heart half so cruelly; but she took her punishment bravely, declaring to herself that she was in the right, and that she would *not* flinch under it.

This declaration brings us to the consideration of a very delicate mental process common to us all. I mean the subtle and curious manner in which we often contrive to have our own way in spite of ourselves. May's sense of right had led her to punish a brute and trifler. Being punished, sense of right said, "Let him go."

But May's heart clamored, "I can not let him go. I can not live without him."

Here were two opposite interests setting up themselves in May's mental economy. She inclined to her heart; but hearts are notoriously, desperately deceitful, and the sense of right is a dignified guide; and the matter was settled in favor of her sense of right. But never think all your wits have been set at work till your heart has had its say. It was right to punish a brute and a trifler; but was he a brute and a trifler? Here was a fruitful suggestion. It was well known that Miss Blondel was apt to overrate her own charms; and what had she seen in Eversham that was not manly and honest? Now that her heart was interested our little May could look on both sides of the question, though heretofore she had stoutly denied that it could have more than one. *She* loved hopelessly, and she was growing thin and hysterical under the torment. Betty professed to be a similar victim, and grew fat and almost rosy, and ate astonishing dinners, while the object of her passion had been making love all summer long to another woman on the opposite side of the table. Ah! there are no converts like those who are willing. May did not believe a word now of the Blondel-Eversham romance—not a word.

But how to get the truth out of Betty! Morally speaking, she was something like those fish that go all to jelly in your hand when you tried to do any thing serious with her.

"Betty, I want you to tell me the truth about —Mr. Eversham," said May, with a great blush, when they were alone one day, and at once out came Betty's handkerchief.

"What do you mean by the truth? Do you suppose I—I romanced about it? How can you mention his name to me in that way?"

"Because I want to know exactly what he said and did," answered May, shrinking from the question as much as Betty did from the answer; but relentlessly urged on—by—the sense of right? I leave it to you to decide.

"How can I tell?" whimpered Betty. "I don't remember."

"You know what he said. Did he say he loved you?" persisted May, desperately.

Then Betty felt that she was at bay, and came out from behind her handkerchief, red and angry, all in a moment.

"No, he did not. He knew better than to presume like that; but he might as well have said so."

"Why?"

Betty winced and looked this way and that; but May waited with quiet determination, and Betty was always afraid of May.

"What do you want me to say?" she answered, sulkily. "Do you suppose I wrote down what he said? He went with me to the church, and he found all the places; and when Aunt Peterson would not go to the races, he said he would take me; and he sent me a bouquet and some books, and went with me twice to the Opera; and we saw some lovers, and he asked me if I did not think marriage the happiest condition; and—and—I don't see why you rake up these things, I am sure."

"He took you to the Opera. He asked you what you thought of marriage," repeated May. "Is this all? and do you mean to say you consider Mr. Eversham bound to you by these attentions?"

"Yes, I do," snapped Betty. "There are tones and glances that can not be translated in words—and—there is a difference—in young ladies, Miss Barcarole. I suppose men know where they must keep at a distance, and where they may presume."

"I dare say," responded May, dryly, and not thinking of Betty at all. Of course now there was a duty, plain, before her. She had cheated and taunted a worthy man under a direful mistake, and there was only one reparation possible. She must confess the mistake and beg that worthy man's pardon. It would be hard, but it was the least she could do; and if any body should have mentioned to her that she had intended to do something of the sort from the very outset, when she found a reasonable excuse, how she would have scouted the suggestion! She was very happy, but she persuaded herself that she was very miserable. That she expected only to make the *amende honorable*, and that Eversham would never guess that she loved him; as if it needed a spirit of divination to read what her eyes said so plainly when "She wished to speak with Mr. Eversham—she had a confession to make. She had deceived and insulted him, but not with the motives that he supposed. She was mistaken: she thought that he had trifled with a—a—person that she knew—" And she was so proud and so shy, so haughty and so tender, and her blushes so came and went in the saying of it that Eversham had her secret and her too in his arms before she was half through with her confession, bless her generous, foolish, little heart say I!

It is only proper to record that Mrs. Margrave and Miss Blondel were much scandalized a week or two later by the announcement of Miss Barcarole's engagement.

Also that Mrs. Eversham is at present a very happy little woman, and has only one serious vexation. Eversham will address her now and then as,-My dear Judith.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE "season" at Saratoga has at length fully commenced. The weather having been comparatively cool thus far in July—in saying *comparatively* we have a vivid remembrance of the fierce heat of the early days of last July, though any day may bring a repetition of that "term"—there has been no great rush to the Springs until recently. Now, the hearts of hotel proprietors are every day made glad by scores of fresh arrivals.

There are some new attractions this year to the habitués of Saratoga Springs. The Opera-House in the Union Hotel Grounds has been entirely remodeled, an elegant ball-room having been just completed in it, and a fine billiard-room. About fifty private rooms have been finished off in the remaining space. The billiard-room was opened last week, and on Thursday of the present week the grand ball-room is to be dedicated on the occasion of a grand ovation to the Seventh Regiment. The old ball-room of the Union has been converted into private rooms; and four beautiful cottages have also been erected this season in the park of the hotel. These cottages are arranged in two suites of apartments, each suite consisting of a parlor and three bedrooms, are handsomely furnished, convenient, and airy. A family occupying one of these cottages may enjoy all the luxuries of Saratoga hotel life, and yet be as retired and exclusive as they please. Including the cottages more than a hundred new private rooms have been added to the Union Hotel this year.

Hathorn's New Hall, adjacent to Congress Hall, is just completed, and will afford the visitors at the Congress a fine dancing-room. The Woman's Suffrage Convention was held in this hall last week. Last spring, while the workmen were digging to lay the foundations of this building, a new spring was discovered, which has received the name of Hathorn Spring. The water has a somewhat different flavor from the other springs. We learned that Professor Chandler commenced to analyze it last week, and the public will doubtless soon be informed of the various ingredients it contains.

A pure white sulphur spring was discovered last summer at Saratoga, the water of which is said to be equal in quality and strength to any other of the kind in the State. It is a question of some interest how a sulphur spring should happen to bubble up in the midst of so many saline springs. But before long Saratoga will have healing waters for every disease to which the human race is exposed—every year or two develops something new; and what may not the future disclose?

Some months ago statements were made in some of our city papers indicating that ladies going unattended to hotels were liable to meet with difficulty in obtaining rooms—especially if they arrived at night. The cases must be rare when a quiet, refined woman would fail to receive courteous attention from those whose business it is to care for the traveling public; yet it is well for ladies who need to be alone at hotels to be informed in regard to different ones, and understand where arrangements will be agreeable for them. There are many pleasant hotels in our city where a good degree of quiet may be secured. Among those which cluster around Madison Park—a central and convenient locality—the Fifth Avenue, Hoffman, and St. James are prominent. All are well-conducted, first-class hotels; from its location and internal arrangements, perhaps the St. James is the most quiet. It is kept on the European plan, and a lady who is alone can thus avoid the awkwardness of going to a *table d'hôte*. The dining-room, on the right of the Twenty-sixth Street entrance, is particularly retired. The attendance and viands are excellent, and the portions served bountiful. Single rooms are neatly and comfortably furnished; and suits of apartments are arranged in a peculiarly pleasant way, securing an unusual degree of retirement to families. In such a hotel as this a lady finds herself protected from disagreeable rencounters, by the general and special care taken to give to guests the comfort and security of a private dwelling.

The Bangor *Whig* gives an account of the singular case of a Miss Lovell, who recently died at the age of sixty-seven. For forty years she has been out of health, and for thirty-six bedridden. Thirty-six years ago she was confined to her bed, to all appearances in the last stages of consumption, and apparently with but a few weeks, at most, to live. Yet she has been lingering on, and what is most remarkable, has been afflicted with almost every disease, contagious or epidemic, with which that city has been afflicted. During the prevalence of the cholera she was one of its subjects; but while others, hearty and robust, were cut down, she, upon, as it were, the very brink of the grave, lived.

The director of a French provincial theatre has the credit of having organized a mechanical *claque*. Several articulated hammers are fitted into different places under the floor, so arranged as to strike on a string being pulled. A few yards from these hammers, in the centre of the pit, are placed two instruments which imitate the clapping of hands. They are two large castanets covered with leather—a string pulls the shells together. The six cords meet in a part of the theatre unknown to all except the machinist, and are fastened to six strong wooden keys, like those of a piano. At certain passages of the piece the machinist puts his finger on one or another of the keys, and the applause is forthcoming.

It is stated that Mr. Seth Green is engaged on the Hudson in propagating shad at the rate of a million a day, and turning them into the river. This work will be of great public value, and afford to thousands a wholesome and nutritious article of food. The hatching-grounds are about ten miles from Albany.

Appropriate and interesting ceremonies were recently held at Guilford, Connecticut, in connection with the dedication of a monument to the memory of Fitz-Greene Halleck. An address was delivered by Bayard Taylor, and a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Fifteen hundred citizens of Guilford assembled to pay tribute of love and respect to the memory of buried genius. This is the first monument erected and publicly dedicated in honor of an American poet.

A wonderful story is told of an Englishman—we regret his name is not given, but he is said to be an ex-M. P.—who, during the war in this country, bought a large amount of the early issues of the Five-Twenty Bonds. Recently he wrote to the Treasury Department, saying that he thought six per cent. gold interest on the bonds too high, and that he was willing to take three per cent.! A few days after he inclosed a $1000 Five-Twenty Bond and seven $30 coupons, which he returned to the American Government as settlement for the past. He also intimated his desire to have the matter so arranged that in future he might divide the interest with the Government, retaining only three per cent.

A pretty novelty is a bouquet-holder, consisting of a small tube closed at one end, with a wire to hook it to the button-hole. This being concealed beneath the lapel of the coat receives the stems of the flowers, and the tube being partly filled with water, keeps them fresh a long time. Similar bouquet-holders have been imported from England, intended for ladies' use. They are tubes furnished with a pin to fasten like a common brooch or breast-pin.

St. Albans is the butter mart of Vermont, and really regulates the price of butter throughout the country. Once a week the farmers from all the surrounding towns come in with their two-horse teams and market wagons with the last week's churnings, in ashen tubs. The wide streets are then alive. Over four hundred wagons are gathered round the square, and the farmers, with their wives and daughters, are busy enough bargaining off the products of their dairies, or making purchases at the stores. The farmers are shrewd. They understand their business, are wealthy and intelligent. Nearly a million dollars per annum is received by the farmers in the eight or nine towns which send their produce to St. Albans for butter and cheese alone.

Spain equals any other country in the world in getting up obituary notices. What could be more unique and comprehensive than the following, which lately appeared in a Spanish paper: "This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler Siebald Illmaga from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, VERONIQUE ILLMAGA.

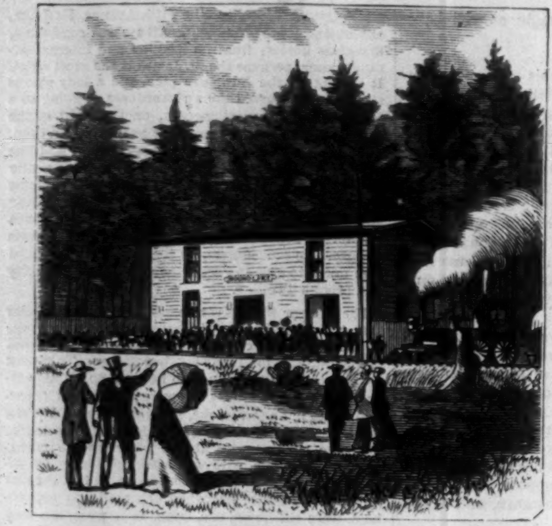
"P.S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Tessi de Teinsturiers, to No. 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

What next? An enterprising Philadelphian has taken out a patent for the manufacture of wooden shirt-bosoms, the material being the same as that now used in papering rooms.

One of the most comical advertisements that has appeared lately reads thus:

A WOMAN wants a Situation with a Boy 15 years old; is a good cook; city reference; city or country.

A horrible report comes from Germany of a so-called scientific experiment. A Berlin physician experimented on a young woman who was supposed to be dying of consumption, and actually subjected the wretched, helpless creature to a hideous experiment which must have inflicted terrible torture on her at the very time when she needed tenderness and sympathy to lessen the natural agonies of approaching dissolution. *She died an hour afterward;* and the surgeon then was able to satisfy himself by a *post-mortem* examination of the effect he had produced; and the case is reported as a matter of scientific interest in the Prussian medical journals.



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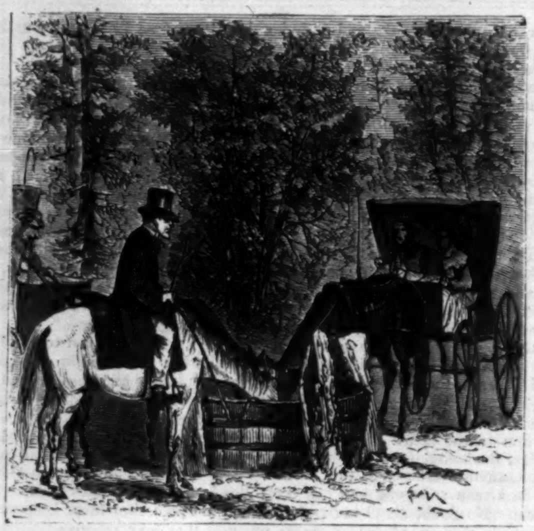

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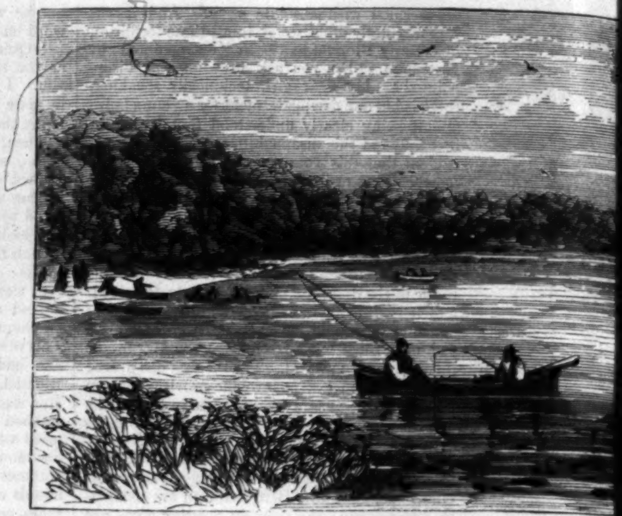

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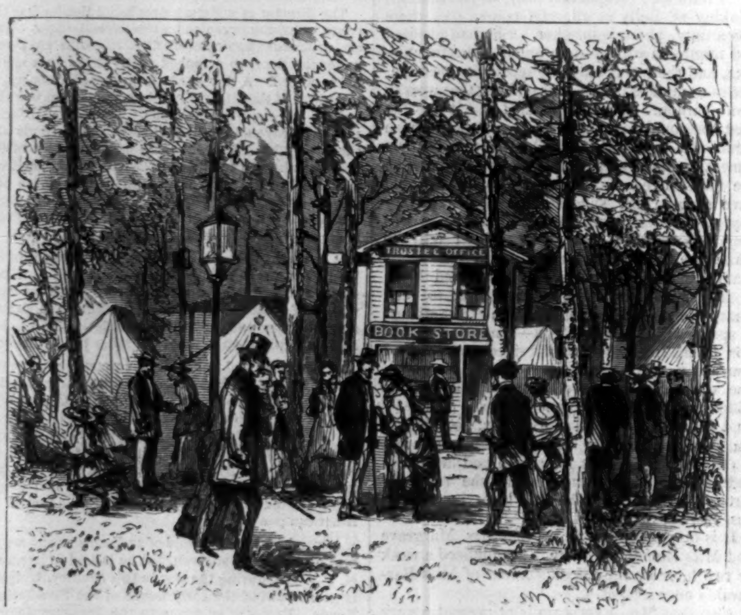
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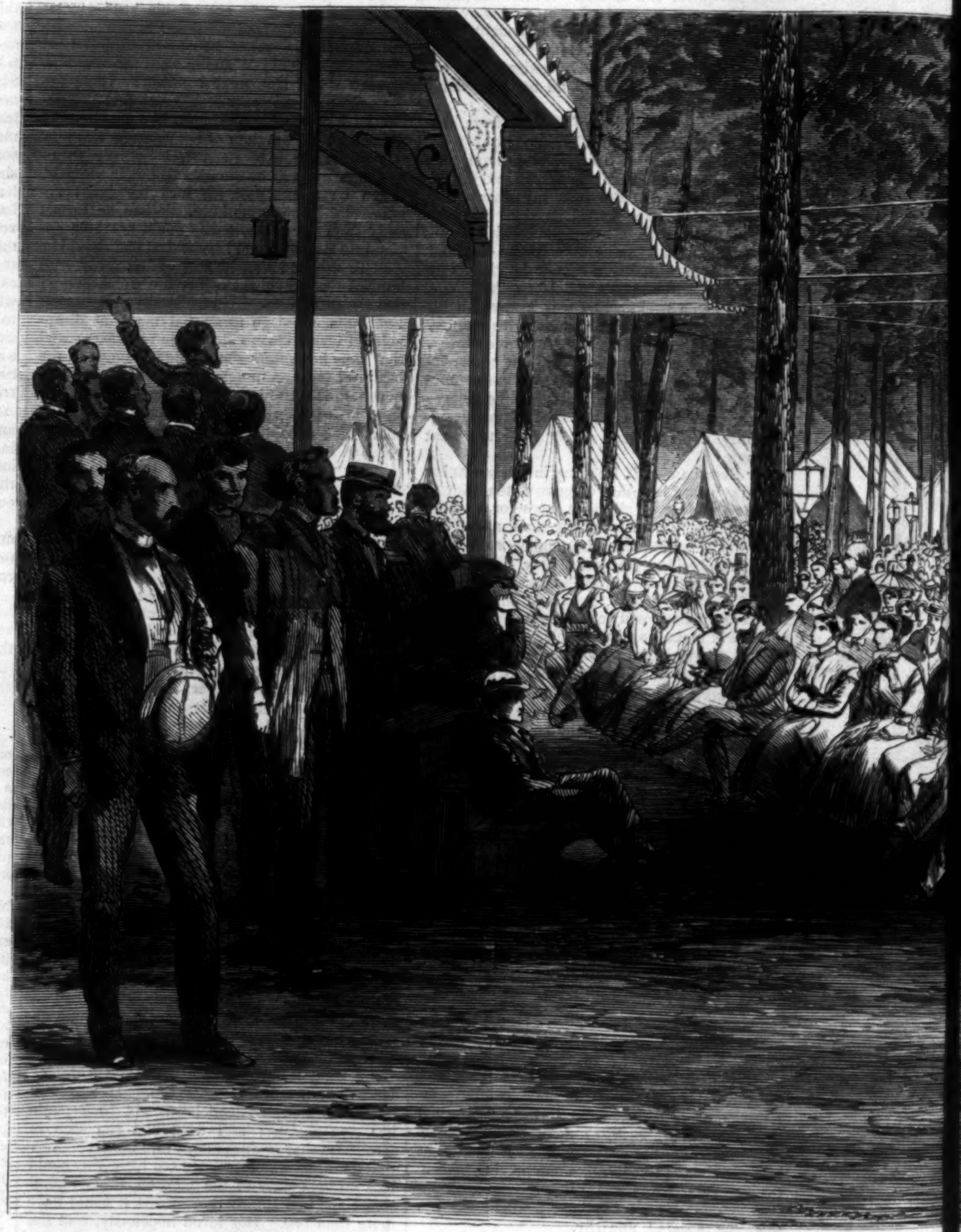

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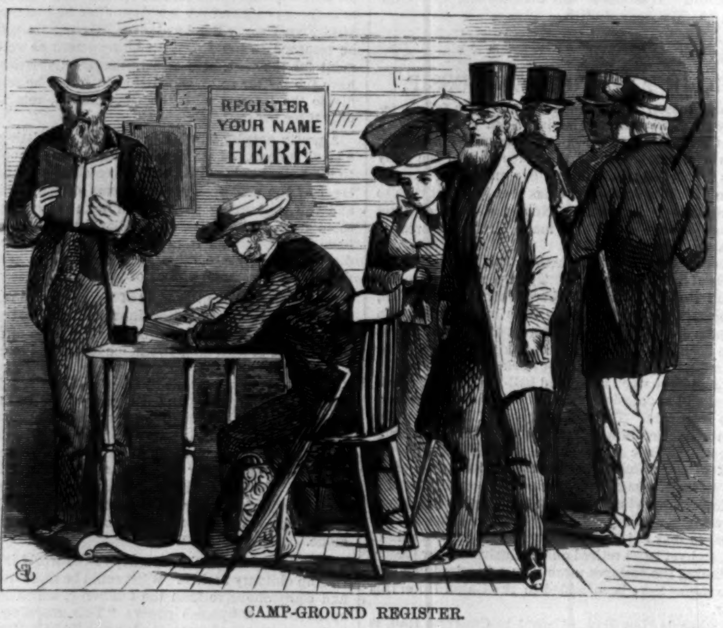
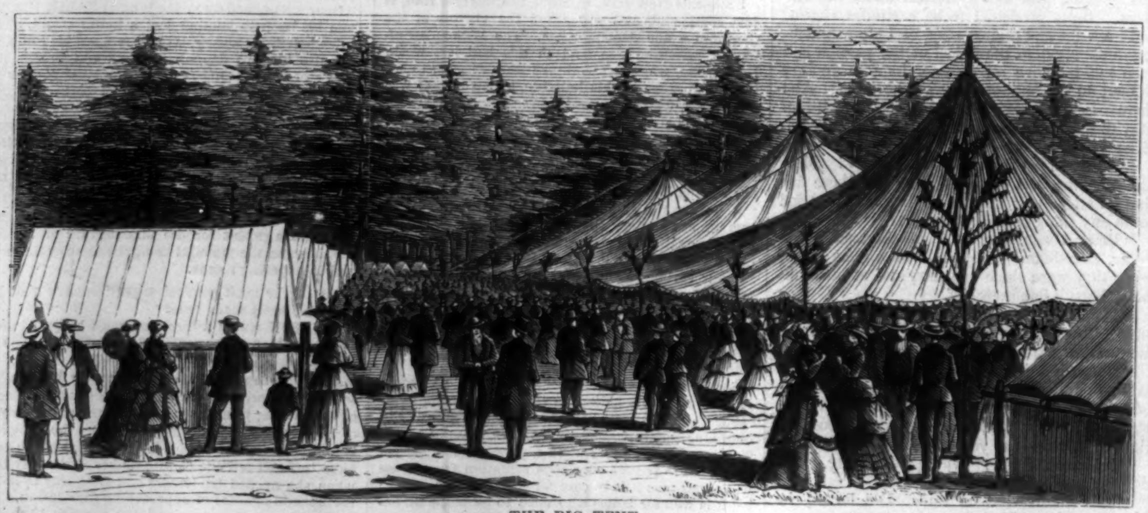

REGISTER YOUR NAME HERE

CAMP-GROUND REGISTER.



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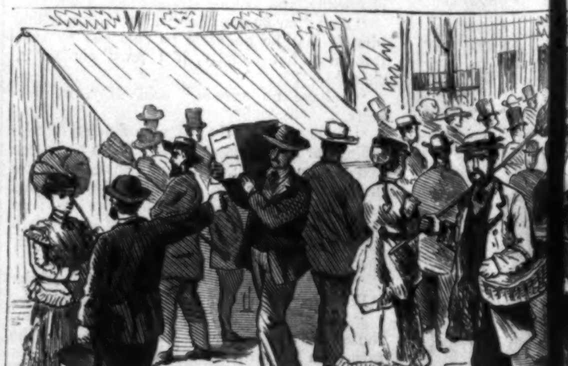
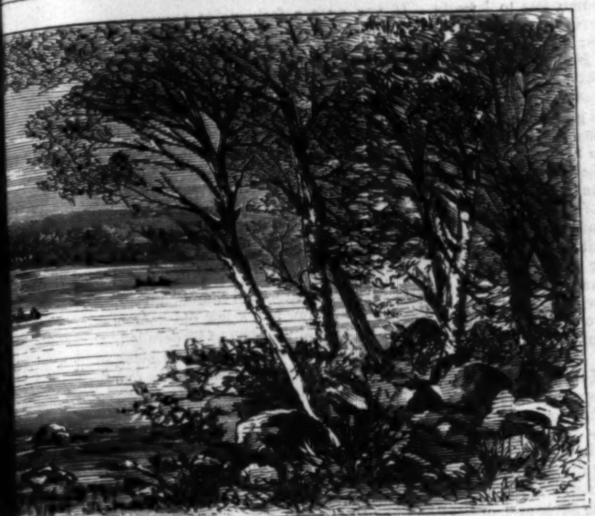


THE CAMP-GRO

SKETCHES OF THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING



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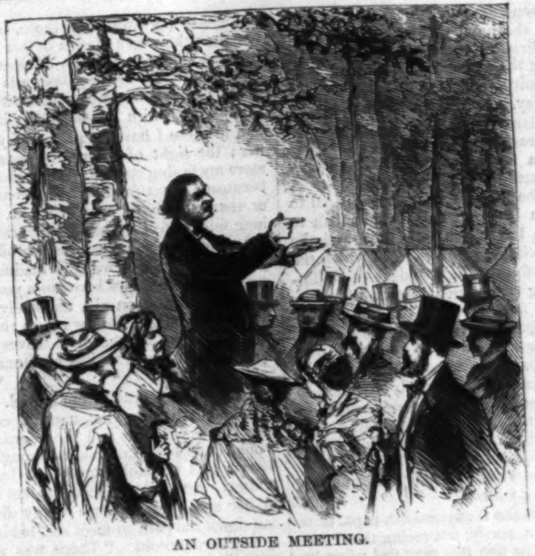

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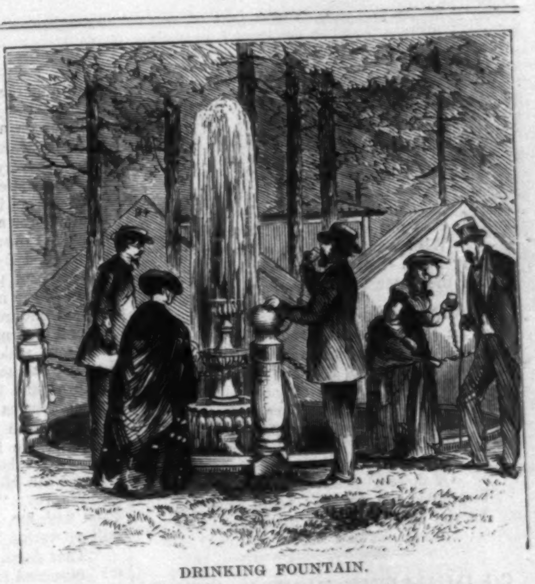

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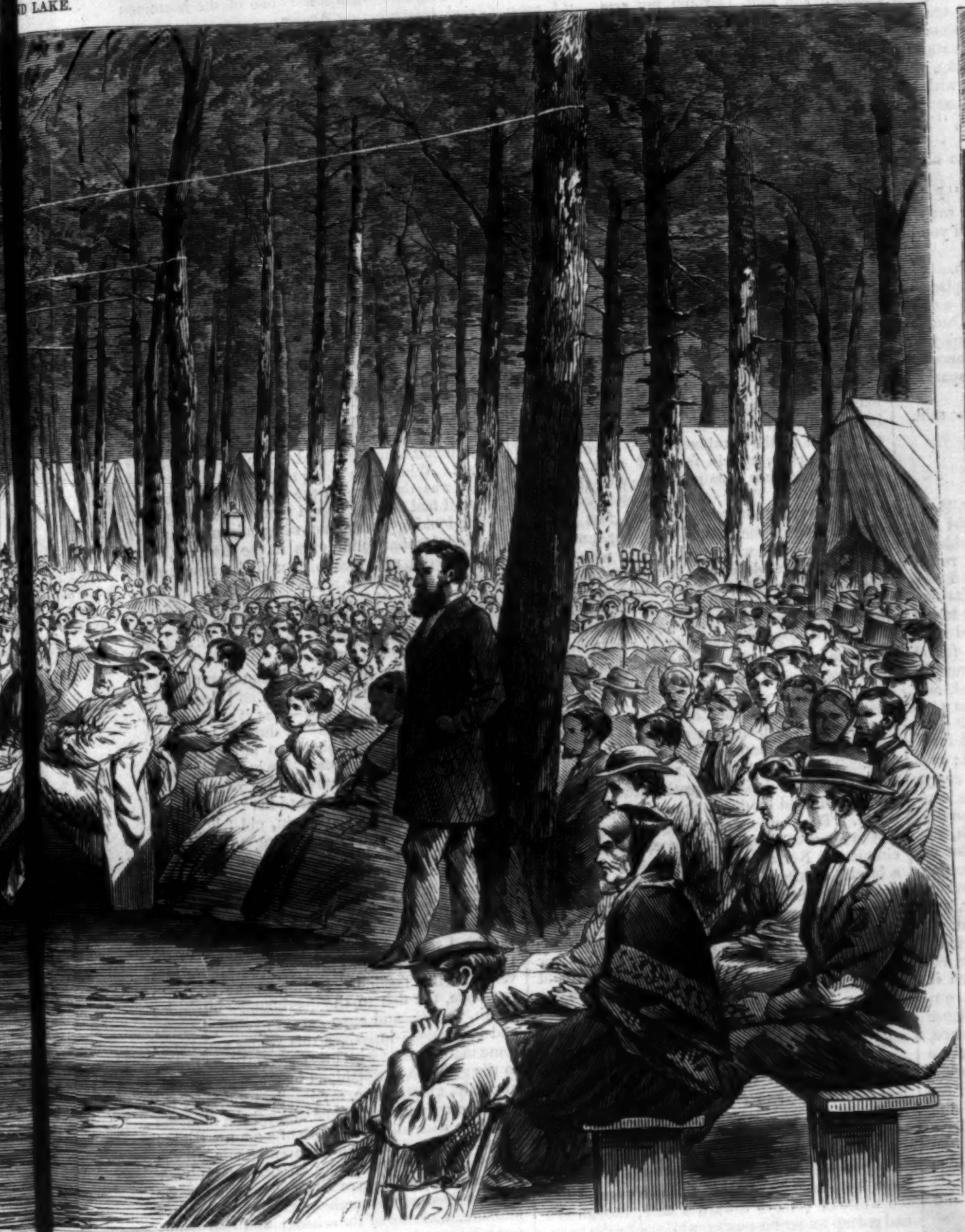

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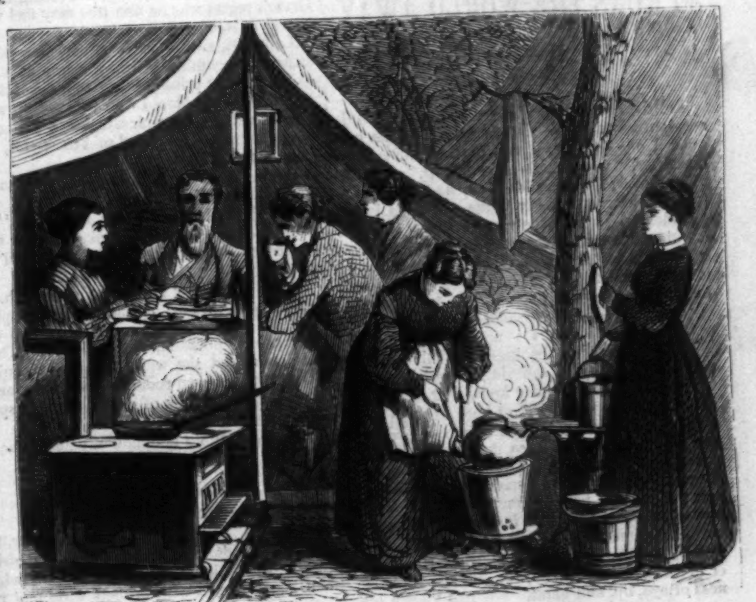

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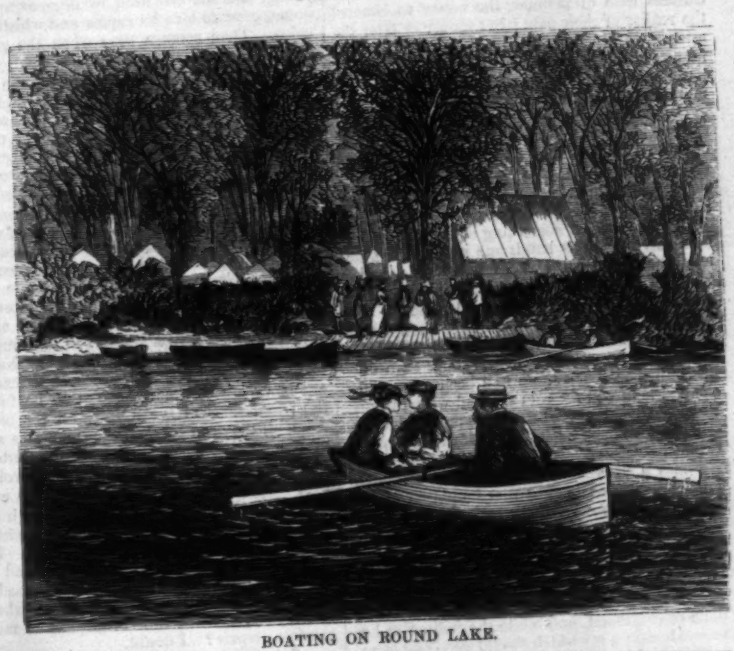
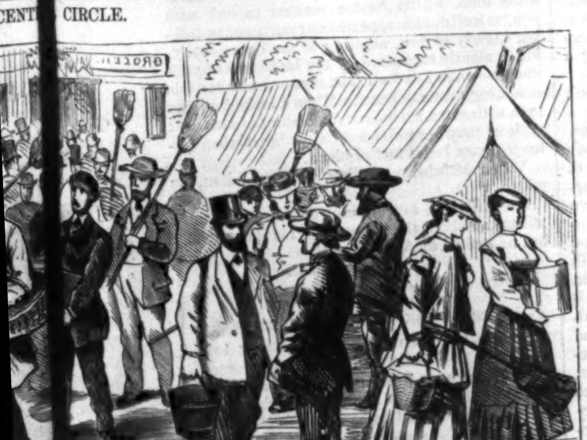


BOATING ON ROUND LAKE.



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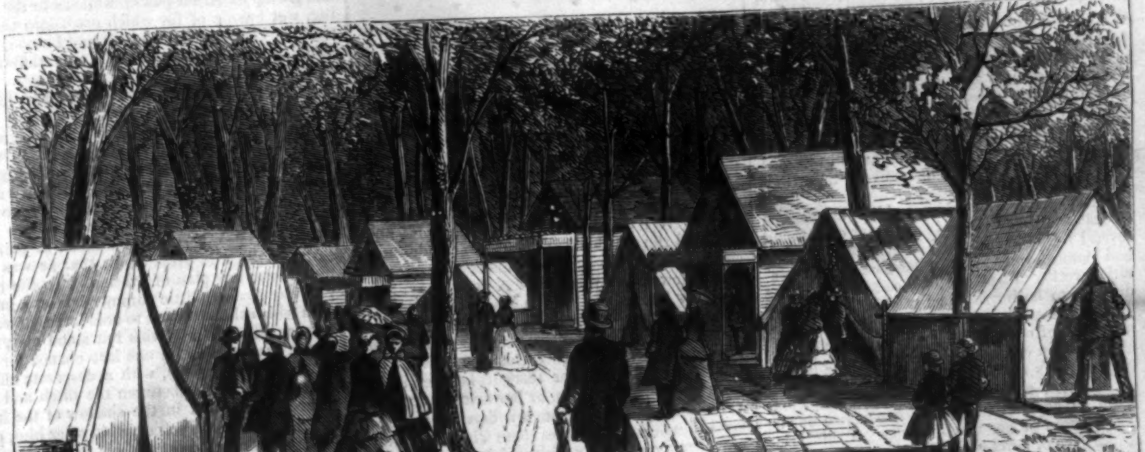


WESLEY AVENUE.

TING AT ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK, July 6–15, 1869.

## ÆOLIÆ.

Wild wind that rageth o'er the sea,
With biting fang and dreadful cry,
What storm-bent creatures plead to thee,
To spare them lest they sink and die!
With voice of sullen wrath
Thou leapest on thy path,
O'er wreck and found'ring ship,
'Mid cries from seaman's lip;
Cast out like scattered tares,
With women's sobs and prayers;
Thy home the waters darkly blue
All the bitter winter through.

Soft wind that roameth to the sea,
With tender touch and soothing sound,
A thousand voices sing with thee
Upon thy tuneful, fragrant round.
With gentle sigh of love,
The coo of mated dove,
Where bees still droning sip
The honeyed petal's lip;
Thy breath a fresh perfume
Of flowers' sweetest bloom;
Thy home the heaven's sunlit blue
All the joyous summer through.

## SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### AFTER THE BALL.

The ball was over. The Marquis of Grandacres had not proposed to Amelia; but he had danced once with her, and that, as she said to her sister, "was something toward it."

Moreover, Thurstan Mowbray had paid no attention whatever to Lady Diana. Amelia, in the confidential hours of dressing-gown and slippers, mentioned this circumstance to her sister with great satisfaction; but Lady Diana herself viewed it in a different light, for on the pages of the volume before mentioned she inscribed:

"He who deliberately avoids you is lost."

She was annoyed but not disheartened by Thurstan's apparent coldness. Well versed in all the mutability of suffering of which the human heart is capable, she knew that as the fish in dying displays a variety of hues (strange beauty born of mortal pain) ere it is overspread by the dull color of death, so does a lover exhibit curious and incomprehensible developments of feeling before his love perishes in indifference. She had known prouder men than this one assume the most profound innocence of her and her attractions; she had seen them hold aloof from her, restraining jealously, with all the power of their galled spirits, the impulsive tenderness of eye, lip, and hand. She had known others, more subtle in their tactics, pretend to a careless ease of manner, the better to conceal the reality of their pain; but sooner or later the attempt to dissimulate with their passion ended in utter failure, and the slave crouched once more beneath the sweet oppression of a bondage more exquisite than freedom.

Lady Diana would compassionate defeat, but she could never resolve to spare where she encountered opposition. She was like the Palestine warrior of old, who "slew plentifully," and then "bewailed courteously" over the heaps of slain.

Besides, she felt something of her old tenderness revive for this handsome man. True, her tenderness, like an Eastern potentate's, had a touch of the bow-string in it; but hers was a moral strangulation. She would stifle all that was good in a man's heart rather than that it should not beat for her. A husband must leave his wife, a lover his mistress, sooner than defy her influence. Yet there had been cases when she had mourned the ruin she had wrought, and had even tried to lure the delinquents she herself had fashioned back into their moral perpendicular.

Fancy a upas-tree apologizing for its malign influence, and entreating that its poison should be rejected by the victim!

In her own way Lady Di had loved Thurstan. She loved him none the less for his defiance of her now; but she swore in her heart that ere long he should be hers, body and soul—a human puppet, which should take the place of the dolls of childhood, and while the tedium of her leisure hours; a toy which should weep real tears, breathe real breath, and whose heart should beat fast or slow at her bidding, even as the wax effigies had used to wail or smile according as her infant fingers pulled the wire. But even a child has its preferences among dolls, and Lady Diana liked this male specimen with the brown eyes and curly hair better than others.

"As to Amelia Orme, she must be taken down," said Lady Di to herself, as she watched this young lady's little manœuvres to attract Thurstan's attention.

But coquettes, like other gamblers, are victims of chance. Lady Di had calculated on passing several weeks in her quasi lover's society. She had planned every move in her game with a precision worthy of a professional chess-player. She disliked to be hurried in her play. To do her justice, she preferred to retain an aspect of dignity, even of modesty, in these ignoble encounters. Like a child who attempts to give his adversary fool's mate, looking very hard in another direction all the while to divert suspicion, Lady Di kept an innocent countenance during the progress of her machinations. I think this appearance of lamb-like unconsciousness was one of the most potent snares wherewith this beauty lured prey to her wolfish maw. But for the present, at least, the game was stopped—the pieces overset.

On the morning succeeding the ball at Orme House Thurstan was sitting in the music-room, turning over a song for one sister, while he dextrously pressed the hand of another, when the song and the flirtation were brought to a premature close by the entrance of a servant, who brought on a salver a telegraphic message for Captain Mowbray. It announced that his father was very dangerously ill, and it requested his immediate presence at Pisa.

It was as if a funeral train flung its gloomy shadow over a path gay with bridal flowers. A cloud fell over the faces of all. It is dismal to be recalled from laughter, music, and mirth to the voice of the bell which tolls finis, and the vision of the inevitable white robe, of which the fashion endures forever, independent of milliners and mourning warehouses. Besides the natural awe which falls even on the most light-hearted at the sound of that ugly word death, those around Captain Mowbray had their own selfish reasons for sorrowing with his sorrow. Amelia Orme was becoming really attached to him, and the idea of his departure made her feel sore at heart. Lord Orme was disturbed because Mr. Mowbray had been a contemporary of his own. "What a sad thing! He was at Eton with me, you know. Older than me, but still we were school-fellows."

"That doesn't make it any sadder, papa, does it?" muttered Rosa, pertly, not seeing that Lord Orme's regret was as one tree may feel when its coeval falls, bowed down by storms and age.

Lady Di, sitting in a corner in a becoming attitude (becoming attitudes came as naturally to Lady Di as prinking does to a peacock), with a confusion of colored wools mixed up with her fingers and knitting-pins, made a vicious fracture of a twisted loop, and said to herself, "Tiresome old man!"

When Thurstan had said good-by to all he paused before Lady Diana.

"If all goes well," he said, hurriedly, "I shall go to Airdale's for a few weeks' hunting early in the season. The Ormes are going—shall you be there?"

Lady Di said "Yes" meekly enough. She liked Lord Airdale; it was a pleasant place to stay at—she should certainly go. She was all meekness, depression, and pathos until Thurstan was gone, and she went up stairs to enjoy the privacy of her own room. Then she glanced at a mirror, and a look of gentle triumph sparkled in her gray eyes.

"I certainly do not show my age," she said.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### ROBERT DOUGLAS'S JOURNAL.

Auriel, *November*, 18—.

Have I not read somewhere of a girl who picked up a linnet from the dust in which it had been thrown, with bruised wing and ruffled breast, and carried it home? The bird was young, and adapted itself by degrees to its new home, grew to love its captor and whistle to her voice. Then came a time when the girl sickened; it was the bird's place to lift its friend from the slough. The girl reaped the reward of her act of salvation. She was crippled, and might not leave her weary bed; she was partially blinded by weakness, and could not face the gladness of the sun; she was obliged for a long season to turn her face to the wall; and while the hours, otherwise so blank, tided away, her ears were filled with the sweet hints conveyed in the linnet's song. The rush of the free winds, the heavy nodding of the bulrush, the shuddering haste of the stream, the splendor of the films blown across the face of the setting sun, the faint fragrance of ripening blossoms—all these were hymned by the child of air, and the child of earth took comfort in the sound.

What has this to do with Azalea? Nothing. Only that every memory, every experience, every fancy floated from the past to be fused in the possibilities of the future; all the old sorrows, all the dead joys, all the tremulous silence of the present, seem stirred by her influence, even as the kiss in the magic bower woke the sleepers of a century into a new, strange world.

I have rescued my bird from a slough of incomprehension. Her mind was filled with dim light; I have strengthened her intellect. I have enabled my bird to look at the sun; and when the hour comes when I shall be blind, perchance with the terrible dimness of fatuity, will she sing of the day, will she hint brightness to me and comfort despair? I doubt.

* * * * * *

There is a whisper of trouble in the air, a throb of pain in my heart. Shall I tear it from me at once, this threatening evil? Shall I crush it out as I would a creeping red flame of fire? Shall I turn my face from it and fly? And what does this question prove? I try and hide my thoughts from myself, but they leap up in strength, as the flame, once allowed to have birth, flares up its threatenings of destruction. Oh, child, child! how your calm face troubles mine; how your unconscious serenity irritates the fever in my mind! If I were to leave you to-morrow, and begin all the old sick life of aimless wanderings, carrying with me the great blank of your absence, how would you feel? A little sorry, perhaps, for I have been kind to Moore. She might even miss me for her own sake. Am I not her only companion in intellect, yet do not the young prize beauty more highly than genius? She would weep far bitterer tears if her pet birds were to droop into death, or her favorite dog get a mortal injury, than at my departure. She loves these creatures, loves them with the warm, unreasoning sympathy with which Nature sometimes links tender human hearts to her dumb offspring. Azalea has taught the wood-dove to coo in her breast; her dog creeps to her for comfort if it receives a sudden hurt; her eyes close into a sidelong glance of ineffable tenderness when her gray-headed jackdaw perches on her hand, chuckling quaint choked notes. But I—I am less to her even than these, infinitely less to her than the vague glories of her untried future. She has grown to the age of dreams; she is no longer the child whose pleasure is in gambol and unrest; she now rejoices in solitude; she likes to commune with the beauty of her own hopes, and in these I have no place. I will go and see her; the sight of her unconscious face may restore my failing control. Why should I be vexed because a beautiful flower smiles at the sun rather than at me, or a child whom I have known long fails to feel for me the surprise of passion?

Passion! Such a word is a profanation to her pure face; such a word is inadmissible in describing the relations between a young and beautiful woman and an old, uncomely man. Such passion she might feel for me as the wind shows when it blows all the dead leaves from wintry boughs in one soft, sapless hecatomb of decay.

* * * * * *

I have just returned from Auriel. I displayed naught but a somewhat unusual constraint—at least in a younger and more graceful man it would have been constraint, though with me I fear it was ungainly sternness; but it did not matter. She did not heed, far less inquire, even in her eyes, of the cause of my disquiet. She ran down the path to meet me, babbling gayly as a wayward brook. "There was news—great news!" she said, clasping my arm. "I must try and guess what it was." I suggested that old Sally's grandson had "come home from the Indies." Guess again? Well, had the cat brought into the world of birds and mice some small snowy duplicates of herself? Wrong again! I said I would guess no more. I spoke harshly, to conceal a mighty tremor of delight which thrilled me when her hands clasped mine caressingly—a delight which died almost as soon as it was born, for she flitted away from me again and caught hold of a pale cluster of chrysanthemums.

Then, with her face sparkling, and breath coming quick, she cried,

"I have seen some people!"

What description of people?

"I have seen horses and dogs, and men in red coats, and ladies—two ladies I think I saw—and they flew like the wind; and—oh, look! they are here again!"

She grasped my arm, her face glowing with excitement, her lips apart, her other hand pointing to a distant line of meadows which skirt the south side of the shrubberies. We were in the shrubbery-path, and in front of us a tree had fallen and let in a wide gap of light in the dense line of shadow.

She perched her pretty arched feet on the gnarled side of the branch near her, and stood like a beautiful wild bird, which, with bright startled eyes and head upraised, listens for a possible foe in the rustle of a leaf—only that the child's face was scarcely one of apprehension; there was hope in it.

Far off beyond the meadow the blue haze of distance was flecked by scarlet coats. Only two men were far in advance of the rest. These two were in close company with the pack, which streamed down the slope of the meadow toward us. On they came, close and compact. They were silent, but there was eloquence in their motion. The scent held them as though it were a magnet to their desiring breath; their sterns, no longer quivered by doubt or anxiety, were close down. The scent was burning, and the pace too fast to allow of any superfluous expression of excitement. Not a hound spoke; they swept on, a bright, moving flash of lust. Every faculty in them was strained to the utmost. They were tired, but they hung on to the line as though glued to it. Certainty added fury to their effort. The wind, which blew in the track of their flying prey, brought delight to their nostrils and lifted them onward in an accession of fierce exultation. It might be a comedy to the pink-coated sportsmen behind, or even to that thorough-bred steeple-chaser—an animal that still took his fences with the nonchalance of a gentleman, in spite of the heavy plow up which he had been obliged to gallop; but to the hounds it was a very serious drama indeed—one which necessitated their closest attention, and which absorbed all lesser and illicit attractions: the youngest and chubbiest-nosed puppy among them would not have dared to have even turned the white of his eye toward a hare, though she had got up under his paws; while as to the panting, wet bundle of fur which crept into the water-ditch close to where Azalea and I stood, there could be no doubt but that he was suffering a dire tragedy.

"They will kill him!" gasped Azalea. "Don't let them, Robert!"

The hunted creature glanced slantwise at us, with an expression which seemed to say, "There's another devil!" Then he paused as though to consider his last resource. He was pretty nearly exhausted. Doubtless it *is* fatiguing to run an hour and forty minutes (they had been running that time), best foot foremost, at pain of death; it did him great credit that he was still able to form any plan of evasion. To the right of us was Azalea's little summer-house, a building in which she was wont to hold levées of wood-pigeons. The door of this hut stood ajar, and the fox saw before him one last chance for existence. In an instant, with a desperate effort, he cleared the space between the ditch and the hut and disappeared in the shadow of the interior; and when Azalea peeped in after him, previous to securing the door of his retreat, she saw a tuft of gray hair, fringing a log near the thatched roof.

"He has tucked himself in, all but his tail!" she said, with glee. "They sha'n't have him; shall they, Robert?"

I shook my head. "You are dreadfully unsophisticated, Azalea; no wonder Moore complains of your living without the pale of the world. If you were a fashionable young lady you would perhaps know how to give a view halloa, or lift the hounds on to the line of that fox which you have just secreted in that unsportswomanlike fashion; you would clap your hands with delight at the shriek of a hare run into by a swift grayhound; at the very least, you would sometimes spend the summer hours in watching showers of pigeons fall under the prowess of the Red House champions; you might make a book on the event, while your kid-gloves got splashed with the warm blood of the living targets."

A look of disgust deepened in the girl's eyes.

"They are beasts," she said, emphatically.

The pack were close to us; in a minute they were in and out of the ditch, and round our feet. The majority rushed on, but a few old hounds threw up their heads and declined to be deluded. The two horsemen I have mentioned as being forward galloped up to the fence, followed by one or two others. "Where? where? Have you seen him? Where did he go?" they shouted.

Azalea pinched my arm. I hesitated. The old hounds were still at fault; for when the fox sprung from the water-ditch to the hut he had done so with a single bound, which cleared the short yard of ground which lay between the verge of the ditch and the hut-door.

"You have seen him?" one of the horsemen cried, interrogating Azalea.

Her cheek flushed, and her lips quivered. Then she stood forward in the sunshine, this incarnation of beauty and guilelessness, and deliberately lied.

"I saw him," she said, distinctly, "go up there," pointing vaguely toward a distant field. Then she turned on me with a savage whisper,

"If you contradict me I'll never learn another line of Homer."

As the huntsman called off the puzzled hounds, and the riders turned their tired horses away from the fence, I looked reproachfully at her conscious face.

"It is never good to lie."

"Yes, it is," she answered, defiantly. "Sometimes it is quite right."

"As when?"

She hesitated. "When—when the—the women said, in Pharaoh's time, you know, that all the little boys were little girls. Didn't they do right?"

"But foxes are not infants."

"Every thing which is defenseless should be as an infant to us," she said, gravely. "But look there! What is he going to do?"

He was the man on the thorough-bred horse whom I had noticed when I first saw the hounds; a fine-looking young man, whose air and manner seemed familiar to me even in the distance, but whom I did not recognize until he now came quite up to the fence.

"What's on the other side?" he called out.

"Water. It's a double. Look out!"

He took back his horse a few yards, and trotted slowly down to the fence.

Then came a flash of crimson through the golden autumn haze before us. I looked at Azalea. Was it my fancy—was it the surprise of the to her novel sight—or did she blush and wear an expression which was almost one of consciousness, as Thurstan Mowbray, handsome and bright as ever (damn him!) advanced toward me, taking off his hat to her?

"So glad to see you again, old fellow!" he said, his big brown eyes seeming to catch new fire as he glanced at my companion. "You see, I have come to try the hunting-grounds of my native country. Will you do me t[illegible]r to—?"

I forced myself to anticipate his request, although I fear I performed the ceremony of introducing Captain Mowbray to Miss Moore in a very churlish fashion. Introduce the falcon to the dove, the doe to the deerhound—introduce youth, beauty, and experience to youth, beauty, and ignorance—introduce this young and handsome man, blessed with every adventitious grace, to the girl who is worshiped by me, who am old, ungainly, unattractive, my intellect too large for her to grasp; for I love her with all the madness of a boy, with all the anguish of a man. Child! when I saw you there in the evening sun, all the glows of autumn seeming to deepen on your golden head, your eyes shy and averted, your face troubled with something which, if it was not pleasure, was one of its echoes; and that handsome man, whom Nature seemed to link with you, so well did his appearance match yours, talking eagerly to you, alluding to me occasionally, but evidently engrossed by the loveliness of your image—when I saw all this, there came a terrible sickening over my heart. Then I looked at that man with some such dark foreboding of prescient guilt as may have clouded Cain's heart when bitter jealousy begot lust of blood.

When Mowbray, smiling, bade us adieu, he added,

"I will ride over to-morrow, and you must tell me all about the pictures." He spoke to me, but he looked at Azalea.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### THE WORK OF A FORTNIGHT.

So she had seen it once more—that bright, audacious face which had caused such tumult in her existence on that never-to-be-forgotten day when she stood on the bank in a tremble of ferns. Was she angered still when she remembered the insult of that surprise? Certainly it was anger which flushed her cheek and made her pulses throb when she saw him again; but then his manner was so different now, he was so courteous and gentle; she could hardly realize that this was the person she had wished to slay with some imaginary dagger. And he was owner of Auriel, too, or would be so one day; Robert Douglas told her thus much in answer to her questions.

The grim warriors on the wall acquired an additional interest in her eyes now that she had seen their living representative. When she next went down stairs she paused to wonder whether this Mowbray inherited any of the daring which made Gaston de Mowbray throw himself before the body of his young brother, a living shield, which presently fell hacked with wounds, while the boy rode away unscathed. Azalea, living in an ideal world, could not suspect how ignoble were the aims, how mean and trifling the ambition of the majority of nineteenth-century heroes, who wear gold lace and spurs.

After looking at the portrait which seemed to her to embody the lineaments of the gay rider on horseback who had flashed toward her through the gray woods yesterday, Azalea walked softly into the large salon, and looked at her own reflection in a large old-fashioned mirror.

This is what Robert Douglas saw when, a few minutes later, his tall form and moody face darkened the doorway:

The bright glow of her cheeks and hair showed dimly through the dust and cobwebs which obscured the mirror; a crack marred the dimple in her chin, a tremulous thread, blotched by a spider, seemed to wave down her hair; her hands were busy securing a rose over one little ear, a fillet of ribbon glistened behind the other. The rose secured, Azalea stepped back, on her toes, with such a look of meditation as a bird wears when it puzzles over its duplicate in a mirror.

She was asking herself for the first time, "Am I fair?"

And Douglas, watching her from the door, felt his heart contract with pain as he saw the nascent symptom of coquetry, the first consciousness of physical beauty develop itself in one who had hitherto been as careless of her loveliness as the birds of the air.

"Why are you decking yourself in this way?" he asked, savagely.

"I don't know," she stammered, half frightened, "I never thought; I was only wondering."

"I have sometimes wished for your sake, Azalea, that you were ill-favored as the women who are burned red in autumn suns, and coarsened by labor. But I comforted myself, thinking there was safety even for beauty in solitude, and now—" He checked himself, remembering that to warn a child or a woman of danger is to expose them to it. He added more gently—

"Forgive me for speaking so roughly, Azalea; but if you only knew how I should loathe to see your guileless face spoiled by consciousness of its attraction. Be content with the beauty God has given you."

"I meant no harm," the girl faltered, looking down; but when Douglas left her to make his morning greeting to old Moore she looked once more at her own reflection.

"I *am* pretty," she whispered to herself, and her lips curled into a smile as she spoke. "For all his scolding he thinks me fair—he owned as much."

Then she went and sat at the window, and looked wistfully at the avenue path, which seemed to tremble in the light and shadow which played over it, which proves that Douglas had been wiser had he held his peace.

* * * * * *

*Robert Douglas's Journal continued.*

There are two hells made by man for himself—remorse and jealousy. Which is the most terrible of endurance, the hell of the past or the hell of the present? In which is the flame hottest? Remorse is the dull, low throb of unassuageable pain, jealousy the wild bound of a fever which is almost craze.

What have I done to deserve this last? Is it not enough punishment that I have wandered through all the prime of my life with my head down; that for me no bird is jubilant, no sun is bright, no voice is glad?

* * * * * *

For years I have carried a pall. What devil possessed me that I should break from its shadow to clutch at roses? That man whose life I saved, need he have cast the shadow of his beauty over the one gleam of sunshine in my path? "He would come again!" Of course he came. He was seized with an immense interest in the old portraits and books. Will Miss Moore tell him "all about them?" She begins shy and flushing at the sound of her own voice. She speaks with her soul in her eyes, and looks at him with the pure, unconscious regard of an angel. Meanwhile the young man yawns a good deal, but takes every available opportunity of drawing nearer to her, of touching her hand, of caressing, when her face is averted, stray curls blown about her head by the wind.

It is a fortnight since that day when this fresh curse in my life fell on me. Perhaps the bitterest pang of all is to feel that were I free, and were my soul clean, so that I could place myself at her feet, she would walk away, never perceiving that I was thus prostrate. I never could be to her even a possibility. I rank with her old guardian, with the gloomy shadows of the house, with all the familiar scenes of childhood: I am an appendage. This Mowbray is in himself a new event, an event which colors all her hitherto hueless existence.

A fortnight to-day since he crossed my path, and he has been here nearly every day since. Heaven help me! My hate of him is becoming hideous. This mean, bitter jealousy dwarfs the big heart into that of a fretting child. I loathe and scorn myself for the ignoble torture self-inflicted. I pore over crabbed pages, hold my head between my hands, and try not to catch the reflection of that withered, harsh face peering at me from the cracked mirror opposite, and then her presence approaches in that gust of lonely-sounding wind tossing the bough against the pane; her face gleams in that star which sparkles in the upper square of the casement. She pervades the whole chamber, and my thoughts fall into confusion again. I am crushed by the misery of my prescience.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### LOVE PASSED AN HOUR OF LOVE WITH ME.

The hours "drawled" (that was George Moore's term for the dreamy, drowsy, autumn noons) into days, and days slipped into weeks, and still Captain Mowbray lingered in the vicinity of Auriel, showing an increasing interest in what he vaguely described as "the books and pictures, and all that sort of thing." What need to repeat the details of the old, old story; what need to dwell on all the subtle indices which point to one inevitable result? The sun and the sunflower, the "moon that draws the sea, and the cloud that stoops from heaven and takes the shape," has not every simile been exhausted to illustrate the beautiful antique Legend of Love? Only there be some children that blow bubbles, knowing well their instability, and anticipating their collapse to nothingness with a sort of pensive scorn; there be others who believe the exquisite phantom to be fashioned of enduring rock. The first inhalation of chloroform is as a foretaste of Paradise. It is only those who have partaken of it frequently who can prophesy the after-sensation of deadly sickness. Lady Diana, when she loved, and reaped happiness from her love's indulgence, felt as one who assumes royal robes for a brief period, and whose shining crown surmounts sad foreseeing eyes, which are ever fixed on the end. Azalea was as the imbecile, happy beyond the power of reason, who glories in the wreath of straw and circlet of beads, and has that sublime faith, the faith of ignorance, in these frail adornments of a visionary realm.

Captain Mowbray hunted very seldom now. "The country was too blind for any thing," he said; and in truth autumn lingered this year, dilatory as a lover loth to bid his mistress farewell. To the horizon's verge the woods blushed red and brown, the wind held its breath, and the leaf that dropped did so in pure repletion of its life.

On one golden afternoon the sun shone on a pretty scene in the Auriel shrubberies.

A young man, and a girl still younger, sat on the trunk of a fallen beech. No hatchet had thus prostrated the tree; it had been rent in twain and flung to earth in some wild freak of the tempest. The sun fleckered patches of gold on to the girl's bare head, and on to the yet vivid ruddy beech-leaves. Wild flowers and long grasses, thrusting themselves up round the tree's sides, partly concealed her little feet. He and she supported between them a ponderous volume, with dusty edges. It had on its black sides a dingy inscription, which made believe to have once been written in gilt letters. The inscription told that the volume was a treatise on Illuminating Manuscripts, and that it belonged to Anselm Mowbray, a priestly scion of the house of Mowbray, who flourished A.D. 1600. Either the work was too interesting to be read quickly, or so dull that it was not read at all; for the couple looking at it were so quiet that a furry bob-tailed rabbit came out and cleaned his face before them. Over-ripe blossoms drifted slowly through the air; sometimes they were caught on the bearded faces of tall grasses; here and there they rested on the hem of Azalea's dress. The bees kept up a hum of enjoyment over some late roses, or burrowed their brown bodies in the flowers' depths in an ecstasy of self-indulgence. Overhead, a bird sang out its appreciation of existence.

Presently Captain Mowbray twitched off the head of a rose, and gently placed it in his companion's hair. The thrush flew away at his movement; the insect tumbled out of its luscious recess; the rabbit scudded away in a panic; but no other living thing was there to take note of the two.

Old Moore was slumbering away the hours by the fire indoors—for the old, like infants, are perpetually relapsing into slumber, as though their hold of life were not a thing assured or certain. Robert Douglas sat brooding in his lonely cottage; withheld from going to Auriel—withheld from keeping the kindly watch over Azalea he would have done over any other defenseless creature placed in a situation of peril—because of his own painful consciousness. So there was no one to spoil the pretty tableau on the beech-tree, nor to overhear and repeat the words which presently stole into, rather than broke the silence.

"My darling!"

My darling was rather a favorite expression of Captain Mowbray's. Frequent use made it come glibly to his tongue; he had applied it so often, to so many darlings, that it perchance had lost somewhat of its charm to him. But she at his side flushed and trembled, as the enchanted princess might have done at the sound of the magic word which transfigured her from stone into life.

"Don't you love me a little bit, Azalea? Hang it, do speak!"

It is a pity that the language of the hero should have been so little in unison with the exquisite poetry of the scene; but you see men, like green caterpillars, assume the color of what they subsist on. Captain Mowbray had lived on barrack-rooms and clubs, furnished lodgings, cigars, betting-books, etc. Had he been asked to describe the present scene in words he would have said that it was "Awfully jolly, you know; quite dry and warm; no fear of catching cold, and the dearest little girl in the world to spoon on!"

I think Thurstan had somewhat degenerated mentally since the days when he was wild for love of Lady Diana; there was now more of the barrack-room, and less of the fresh-hearted boy about him; more of that false philosophy which some men think "good tone," and with which they glaze over their finer feelings, as painters obscure the lovely vivid tints of modern paintings, so that they may obtain a fashionable antique gloom. Not that Thurstan meant any harm in the present instance: he was thoroughly kind-hearted; he would not have hurt a fly. If you think that I am presenting you with the hackneyed picture of Faust and Marguerite you are mistaken. This girl attracted him. He believed that he loved her; he designed no evil to her; at any rate, it was very pleasant to see so fair a face flushing and paling under the fire of his eyes—she could never meet his eyes, and that amused him; she talked in a quaint, thoughtful strain, oddly at variance with her youthful appearance, and *that* amused him. He did not altogether understand her; he thought her very odd, but very charming, nevertheless. He longed to kiss her again; to take her in his arms as he had done that day when he saw her in the ferns; but something in her innocence and defenselessness repulsed him more than the sharpest reproof would have done. He had referred more than once to that by-gone episode; and the girl had become so shy, had shown such genuine distress at the reminiscence, that he had not the heart to pursue the subject—only he sometimes found it very hard not to repeat the offense; and on this especial day he felt himself tempted beyond the power of resistance; hence he had, as he said, "broken cover." He had asked Azalea if "she didn't like him, just a little bit?" and he was answered by that silence, more exquisite than words, which belongs to modesty—the proud modesty of seventeen—which made the girl chary of any outspoken expression of her heart's secret.

Captain Mowbray, better accustomed to women of the world, always equal to every occasion, waxed impatient at her silence.

"Do say you like me, Azalea."

Azalea counted mechanically the flecks of light that danced on a laurel-leaf, and was silent.

"Then you don't care for me; and I suppose I had better go away, and never come here any more."

She paled visibly, and stole a glance at him half-piteous, half-fearful.

"Why don't you speak, then?" he said, viciously annihilating a tall nettle which grew near his foot.

Still no answer. It was foolish of her, but something in her foolishness flattered him more than the grace of consummate ease would have done.

"Do you wish me to go?"

"N-n-n-o."

"Oh!"

He was at her feet in an instant; then, in pity to her scared look, he only rested his lips on her little hands.

"My little darling!" he said, passionately, "I love you, and I long to kiss you; but never mind; I won't without leave. I did it once before when you couldn't help yourself, which was shabby of me; so now I'll wait for your permission."

And Thurstan sighed, and felt that he was heroically self-denying; but he would not consent to releasing her hands, but held them tightly, looking up in her face with an expression which methinks is not apt to fill a man's eyes after the happy years of sweet-and-twenty. Sad-and-forty has thought in his gaze, even in the maddest delirium of pleasure; it's only sweet-and-twenty who squanders his delight, believing it to be inexhaustible.

Ere long the sun burned low in the west, and the lovers wended homeward. It was not until they stood in the porch in that farewell pause which indicates so much that Thurstan suggested,

"Couldn't you—wouldn't you—say good-night properly, Azalea?"

He lowered the brown mustache to rather close proximity with her lips. For an instant she hesitated, and that hesitation was in itself a caress; but she pulled her hands free and fled precipitately into the room where Moore crooned over the fire in company with a blinking cat, on whom Topaz kept a wakeful eye of aggression.

Captain Mowbray waited an instant on the chance of Azalea's return. Then he philosophically lit a cigar and walked away.

"Rum creatures women are," he meditated; "they never run straight. Now if I cared about any one enough to spend two or three hours in their company I should *like* to kiss them."

## THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.

We give this week a large number of illustrations relating to the National Camp-Meeting which opened July 6, at Round Lake, New York. Some of these are from photographs, and others from sketches by Mr. Stanley Fox.

The idea of holding annually a National Camp-Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the gathering to include representatives of every Conference in the United States, was started about three years ago, and in July, 1867, the first meeting of the kind was held at Vineland, New Jersey. The second meeting was held last summer at Manheim, in Pennsylvania, with equally gratifying results.

The meeting at Round Lake this summer was peculiarly fortunate in its surroundings. A more desirable location could not have been chosen. The grounds, situated midway between Troy and Saratoga Springs, consisted of about forty acres. Throughout their whole extent they are shaded by beautiful trees, and are plentifully supplied with streams and springs of water; while to the north lies Round Lake—a sheet of water about one mile in diameter. These grounds were laid out with rare taste and judgment in avenues and streets, and the different sections were divided into plots for cottages and tents. The grounds are the property of the Round Lake Camp-Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Troy Conference, which was incorporated about two years ago by the State Legislature.

To secure perfect order—a matter of the first importance, where, as in this case, about 20,000 people are gathered together—a detachment of the Metropolitan Police of Troy was present.

The Rev. Mr. Inskip, of Baltimore, preached the opening discourse. On Sunday, July 11, an eloquent and impressive sermon was delivered by Bishop Simpson, the ablest pulpit orator in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His immediate audience numbered 8000 persons. Twenty-eight States of the Union were represented at this camp-meeting. There was no disturbance, and all who attended the meeting were comfortably provided for.

## THE FIAT OF FATE.

A pool where water-flags all yellow grow,
A grassy bank where pollard willows stand
Like sentinels, to guard the onward flow
Of those clear wavelets in between the land.
To where they rush, stream-like, and foaming move
The miller's clattering, useful-going wheel,
And fill with snowy whiteness every groove
With low-voiced cries, as if they, too, could feel.
Two girls, near by the willows, standing watch
Two little boats of bark with paper sails
Which float upon the pool, a mimic match
In pledge of Fate, and woe to her who fails.
Mab, the arch little one, kneels down, "See, see,
My boat is crossing straight, my love is true!"
And pointing to the toy, she turns with glee
And sees her comrade's eyes are bathed in dew.
Custance, with features straight, and nut-brown hair,
A hazel-brown, all lighted goldenly,
Her boat capsizing in a breath of air,
Cries, "Mab, my love is false—he's false. Ah, me!"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Down in the World—A miner.

### REVIVING DROWNING PERSONS.

As the bathing season has commenced, and persons are liable to drowning several times this summer, the following hints will tell how to bring them to:

If the drowned person be a politician, whisper in his ear that he has just been appointed to a fat office.

If a married woman, softly tell her that her husband is just cutting in fat with that woman she hates.

If a young man, tell him confidentially that another fellow is after his sweet-heart.

If a married man, slyly tell him that a handsome young lady called yesterday, and is to call again to-day at his office on important private business.

### BASE-BALL.

The noonday sun was pouring down
Upon a meadow sere and brown,
Where stood a youth with bat on high;
Loud to his comrades rang the cry,
"Base-ball!"

He hopes to win himself a name,
By playing soon "a great match game;"
For him 'twill be the greatest fun
To hear the words, "Live Oaks have won."
"Base-ball!"

His brow was bumped, his eye was black,
His coat was torn from off his back;
But still, like battered bugle rung,
The accents of that swollen tongue,
"Base-ball!"

Around the field he saw the light
Of friendly faces beaming bright,
Just by his head a ball has flown,
And from his lips escapes a groan,
"Base-ball!"

"Now stop the game," the old man said,
"The 'second base' had smashed his head,
The 'pitcher,' too, has sprained his wrist,
The 'umpire's' brain is in a mist."
"Base-ball!"

"Oh, drop that ball!" the maiden said,
"And make a long 'home run' instead."
A "hot ball" hit him in the eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Base-ball!"

"Beware! you'll soon be out on foul!"
This was the "fielder's" awful howl!
But still re-echoed in his ear,
In that deep voice, so thick and queer,
"Base-ball!"

"Used up," he sank upon the ground,
While pitying comrades gathered round,
And in the awful throes of death
He murmured, with his latest breath,
"Base-ball!"

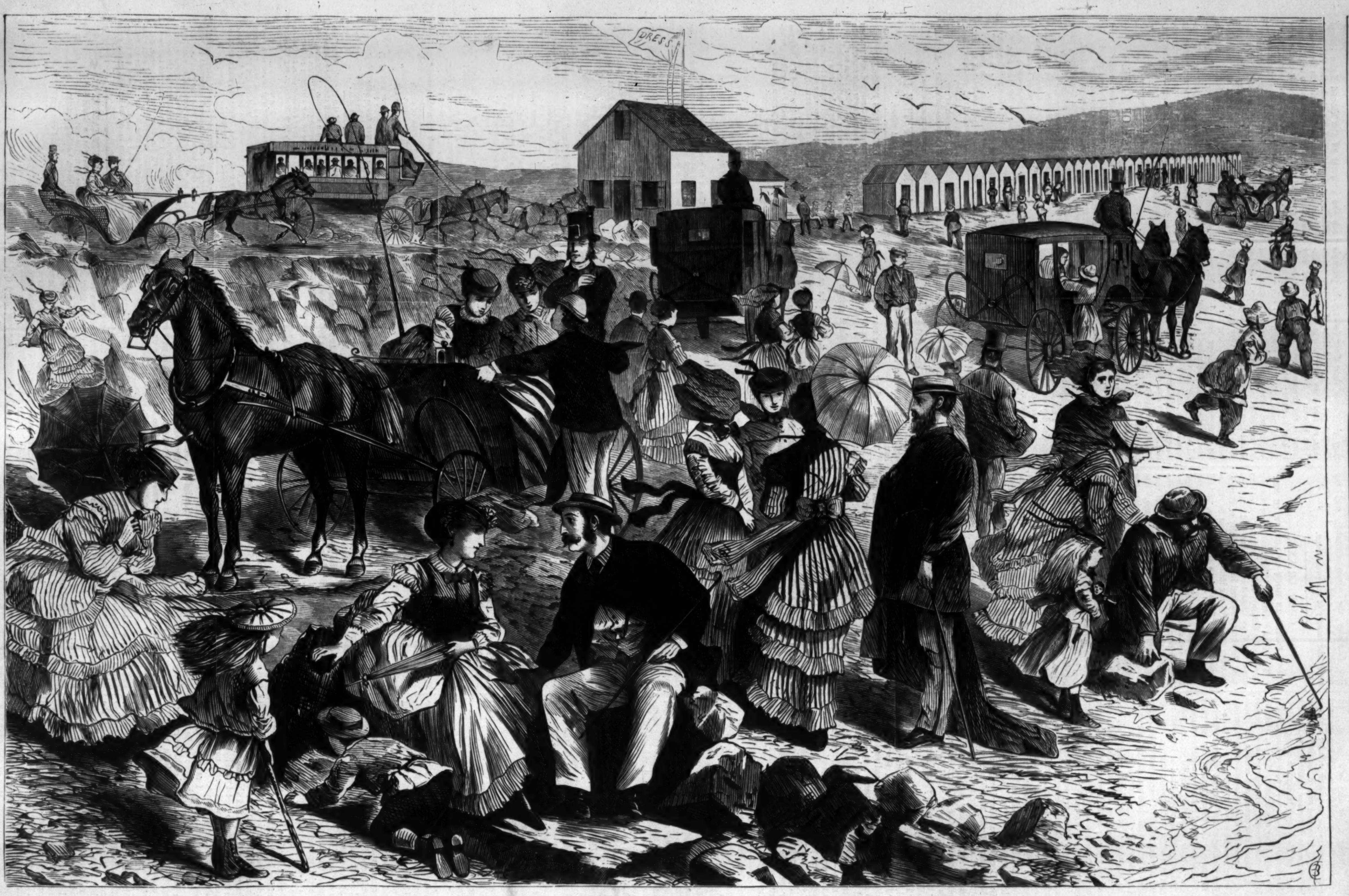
There on the cold earth, drear and gray,
To perfect jelly smashed, he lay,
While o'er the summer fields afar
Was heard the victor's loud huzza,
"Base-ball!"

An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is rather less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town, of a morning, my shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes in the store to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times around a large factory, just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, Sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself!"

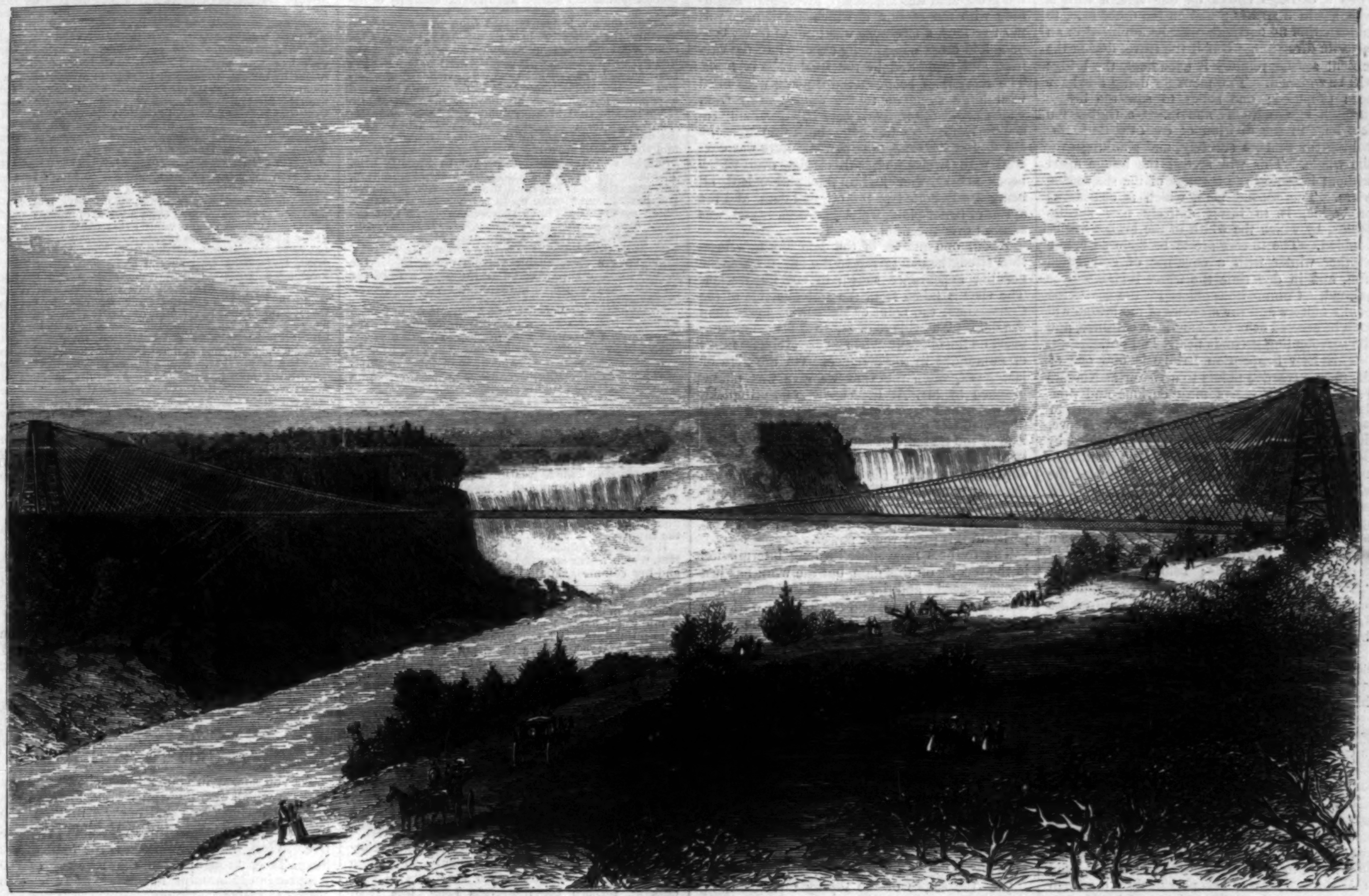
A shabby-genteel young man entered a tradesman's store the other day with his hands crammed in both pockets, as if they were flush with the rhino. "Mr. J——," said he, "I believe I am indebted to you sixty-two and a half cents, cash, borrowed somewhere about a year ago." "Yes, Sir," replied the tradesman, smacking his lips and holding out his hand to receive the ready cash. "I am glad you have come, for I had almost forgotten it myself." "Oh! I never forget these things," said the fellow; "I like to have all things square; so I want you to lend me thirty-seven and a half cents more, which will make even money."

### SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic
Wants to sneeze, and can not do it!
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me!
How that rapturous torment fills me!
Now says, "Sneeze, you goose, get through it."
Shee—shee—oh, 'tis most del-ishi!
Ishi—ishi—most delishs!
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.



ON THE BEACH AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—[Drawn by C. G. Bush.]



NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS—FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

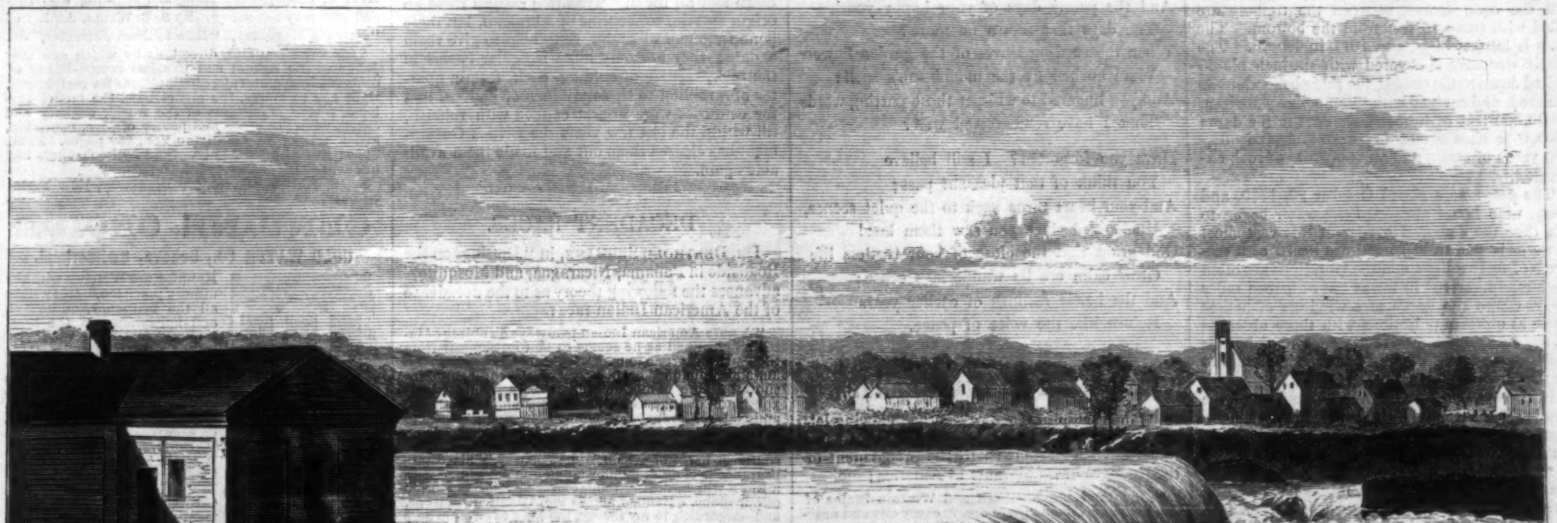
## THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

THE longest suspension bridge in the world is that which connects the village of Niagara Falls with Clifton in Canada. It was first opened to the public about six months ago, and is a beautiful structure, exhibiting remarkable engineering skill. Before the erection of this bridge the only method of crossing the river *near* the Falls was by a ferry-boat; a passage across the Old Suspension Bridge involving a long ride or walk of about two miles on each side. The new bridge enables one to cross from the American side after only a short walk from the principal hotels, and is located in full view of the Great Cataract, and the grand scenery which surrounds it.

This bridge is 1268 feet long, the cables from which it is suspended being nearly 1900 feet. They are composed of seven wire ropes, each rope consisting of seven strands, and are securely imbedded at the extremities—on the American side in heavy masonry, and on the Canadian side in the solid limestone rock. The American tower is 100 feet high, that on the other side being 105 feet. The suspenders are of wire rope, and twenty-four wire rope stays on each end of the bridge check undulatory motion. The combined strength of the cables and stays is found equal to the support of 3000 tons. The roadway of the bridge is composed of two cords 10 feet apart, upon which are laid the needle-beams 5 feet apart. These cords are strengthened by channel bars of iron running the whole length on the under side, and so attached as to form a continuous plate. The elevation of the bridge above the Niagara River is about 180 feet, varying a little according to the general level of the lakes and the force of the wind. The depth of the water in the channel is 250 feet.

From the United States Collector of Customs, whose office is at the entrance of the bridge on the American side, and who courteously gave us many items of information, we learned that the New Suspension Bridge is well patronized, being found so much more convenient than the old one. In the "season" two or three hundred dollars a day is often taken for toll.

The narrow roadway is a disadvantage which it has been proposed to remedy. At present,



THE GREAT DAM AT SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS.—PHOT. BY A. E. AND A. J. ALDEN, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

when a carriage enters on one side, a wire is pulled, which strikes a bell on the other side, to indicate that no carriage must be admitted in an opposite direction. But if the travel during the present season renders it expedient, the bridge will be widened. Two plans for doing this have been proposed; one being to saw the bridge through longitudinally and insert a timber ten feet long in the division of each needle-beam, bolting the timbers securely, and planking over the whole. This will spread the bridge apart without lessening the security of the suspension wires. The second plan, which is considered preferable, is to insert entirely new needle-beams, by which the width of the bridge will be doubled. The towers are to be inclosed before another winter with a covering of corrugated iron, and in due time the whole bridge will be painted. Commodious offices for the use of the public officers and the attachés of the bridge will soon be erected near the American entrance, and the surrounding grounds neatly laid out.

This New Suspension Bridge is now one of the most attractive points to a visitor at Niagara Falls. In itself it is a most curious and wonderful structure; and standing in the centre of it you obtain a grand and imposing view. Above, the American and Horseshoe Falls, divided by Goat Island and Terrapin Tower, stretch in magnificent perspective from shore to shore; the white clouds of mist rise high above the Falls, and, borne upon the breezes, fall in fine spray upon you; from the dizzy height you look below into two hundred and fifty feet of water, upon whose surface, however, a little ferry-boat safely plies between the cliffs; below, the beautiful "Bridal Veil" spreads over the rocks, while in the distance you perceive the beginning of the Rapids above the Whirlpool. Such a view as this, once seen, is never forgotten.

An examination of our engraving on page 493, taken from a photograph by Charles Bierstadt, will give our readers a general idea of this splendid structure.

## SOUTH HADLEY FALLS DAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

The Great Dam on the Connecticut River, between South Hadley Falls and Holyoke, is now undergoing repairs of a peculiar and interesting nature. This dam, which is probably the largest in the United States, was completed in 1849. A year or two previously a dam had been constructed at this point, which was supposed to be of remarkable strength. The engineer took great pride in his work, and when it was finished, and the gates shut down, he is said to have irreverently exclaimed: "There! those gates are shut, and God Almighty himself can not open them!" Two hours after an alarm was sounded that there was a breach in the works; and the waters with resistless force burst through, tearing up the huge structure and carrying the fragments far down the stream.

The present dam is constructed in the most substantial manner of solid timbers twelve inches square, laid cross-wise, one above another, all bolted together, and sunk about four feet into the solid rock, where they are firmly secured. All the open spaces between the timbers are filled with stone 15 feet from the bottom. The dam is 30 feet high, and 1017 in length. The whole structure is covered with six-inch plank, bolted down to the timber, the ridge being double-planked, and covered with thick boiler-plate iron. 4,000,000 feet of timber were used in the dam; 70,500 perches of masonry were laid, and 602,000 yards of earth, and 50,000 yards of rock excavated.

The gates were closed October 22, 1849, and about nine hours afterward thé water began to run over the dam. The roar of this vast sheet of water is said to be sometimes heard at a distance of forty miles; and the vibrations are often distinctly perceived in towns ten or fifteen miles away, where the doors and windows of houses rattle in uniform pulsations with those observed at the dam. The motive power secured by this dam, and the works connected with it, is said to be the best in the United States.

For some time past the Superintendent of the Hadley Falls Company has been apprehensive that the continued action of this vast sheet of water, and the friction of the masses of ice which in times of freshet work back underneath the fall, beating against the timbers, might have caused serious damages in the structure itself. About a year ago, having obtained the advice of some of the most skillful engineers in the country, he resolved upon a thorough investigation into its condition. It was a dangerous undertaking, and sturdy workmen utterly refused to risk their lives in it. He, however, obtained one assistant, and the two boldly ventured under the noisy, rushing torrent. A slow and perilous task it was—crawling on hands and knees through dark, misty spaces, over and under slimy timbers, the close, noxious air clogging the lungs at every breath. Two or three hours passed, and the expectant crowd about the dam became alarmed at the long absence of the explorers. At length one bold man, carrying restoratives with him, went in to search for them. He found both men exhausted, and one in such a helpless condition that, without stimulants and immediate help, he could never have come out of his close quarters. The two adventurers, however, had made some important discoveries. Great cavities, some not less than fifty feet long and twenty deep, were worn in the rock before the dam, and extended many feet back into the structure of the dam itself.

Last September the work of repairing commenced. By means of coffer-dams the water was turned aside, so that, section by section, the uneven surface of the bed of the river in front of the great dam was accurately surveyed. Beginning with the section in which the damage was most serious, a structure was built of heavy timbers, laid cross-wise, fitting exactly into the cavities, and supported by the solid rock in front. The interstices between the timbers were filled with loose stone up to the water-mark; from which point the timbers were laid gradually receding from the outer edge, until they met the old dam at the top. The new structure was covered with twelve-inch oak planks, over which beech planks, four inches thick, were laid, all being firmly bolted to the original dam, and the apron of boiler-plate, which had been raised, was secured over the whole.

About one-quarter of the dam has now been thus strengthened, giving to the fall of water the peculiar appearance shown in our illustration. The view is taken from the Holyoke side of the Connecticut, the point of sight being lower than the dam. The village of South Hadley Falls appears on the opposite side, and the Holyoke range of mountains in the distance. On the 27th of last April, when the view we give was photographed by Mr. A. E. Alden, of Springfield, the water had risen from the freshets to a height of twelve feet above the top of the dam. Some idea of the pressure of such a body of water may be obtained from the fact that when there are only two feet above the ridge the pressure upon the dam is upward of 44,000 tons. The flourishing city of Holyoke, which is not represented in our engraving, owes its rapid growth and prosperity to this great water power.

The freshets necessitated a long intermission in the repairs on this dam, but the work has just recommenced; and the huge piles of timber and stone ready to be used, and the force of workmen engaged to use them, indicate a heavy job. The total alteration which these repairs will produce in the form of the falls will greatly detract, we think, from the picturesque beauty of the Holyoke Dam; but its superior strength and security will be unquestioned.

## LOOKING BACK.

Have you forgotten the breezy downs,
  Where the lights and shadows play?
And the purple haze of the distant hills,
  Lying westward far away?
How the tinkling chime of the sheep-bells came
  O'er the slopes of the thymy turf?
And the wind in the forest trees below
  Made a sound like ocean surf?

Have you forgotten the winding road,
  All bathed in the dreamy light,
That shines on an autumn afternoon,
  When the days are calm and bright?
When the florid richness of summer's glow
  Had faded from earth and sky;
And the year grew old with a gracious smile,
  Life a saint prepared to die?

Have you forgotten the vine-wreathed porch
  Of the little cottage door?
And the palmy days of your happy youth—
  The days that return no more?
When the rustling leaves of the garden flowers
  Were hushed by the moonbeam's spell:
And you lingered to whisper those parting words
  That I have remembered well?

Have you forgotten? I still believe
  You think of that pleasant past;
And your heart turns back to the quiet scenes,
  Unchanged since you saw them last!
God grant that the close of your restless life
  Grow calm ere its wanderings cease;
And the better feelings of earlier years
  Return like the voice of peace.

## A HINT FOR IMMIGRANTS.

In the London *Leisure Hour* the following letter is published from C. B., which makes some important suggestions as to the prepayment of the passages of immigrants to America:

Throughout the Northern and Western States of America and Canada there are, in every city and nearly all the villages, agencies at which arrangements may be made for the passage of any one in the Old World whose presence is wanted by their friends in the New. This method of helping immigration, to those who have not the slightest knowledge of its working, may appear a very beneficial one to all parties concerned. But there are reasons why I should advise those people in America who have friends here whom they wish to assist in joining them to try some other plan.

In the first place, when the passage of a person from Europe to America is prepaid in the latter country, the highest rate is always charged for it. Should the money, on the contrary, be sent through a banker or merchant to the intending immigrant, he can make a bargain for his passage a day or two before the ship sails (should all the berths not be engaged) much cheaper than his friends thousands of miles away can many weeks before it is wanted.

A few months ago I wrote to my friends in America for the means of returning there. Instead of sending a draft for the money, they very unwisely deposited it with some ship agents in New York, and paid for a passage for me in a line of steamships to that city. The amount they paid for a saloon passage in a line of vessels of small steam-power and great burden was nearly two pounds more than I would have to give for the same class of passage in some of the mail steamers. In addition to this expense I was subjected to much inconvenience and loss of time in being identified here. One of the firm of agents told me that I must bring some one with whom he was personally acquainted, who also knew me to be the person I represented myself. After much trouble and delay, and annoyance to some of my friends, and with the assistance of the American Vice-Consul, they were compelled to acknowledge my claim. Had the money been sent through a bank or ordinary channel of commercial business I should have had no difficulty or delay.

When money is transmitted from one country to another, the person who is to receive it should have some legal document upon which he can demand the money, and this many people in America, in assisting their friends here, do not send. I have heard of a person residing thirty miles from London, who received a communication from his brother in America, informing him that arrangements had been made for his passage from London to New York. He went to the office of the agents on whom he was told to call, and they would have nothing to say to him until he brought some responsible person to identify him. The man was not acquainted with a soul in London, and was unable to sail until the clergyman of his native parish kindly came up to town to his assistance. Some agents would have required evidence that the clergyman also was not an impostor. It is undoubtedly necessary that ship agents should take some precaution against taking the wrong person, but some of them have a disagreeable way of doing it. If the money had not been prepaid on the other side of the Atlantic they would be much more civil and accommodating.

Many people in America and Australia do not seem to know that there is something unpleasant to the feelings of a sensitive man in going aboard a vessel with a passage ticket that has long been paid for in another country. He is somewhat inclined to think that he is immigrating like a prize ox, or that, like a bale of merchandise, he should be marked, "*To be kept dry*," and "*This side up with care*," in order to receive proper treatment on the voyage. I have met several people in America who have immigrated with a passage prepaid there, and who have told me that when they assist friends to follow them they will send the money and give the recipient a choice of the way he should go. This is treating a person as though he was a reasoning being, and it does not subject him to the chances of being annoyed and insulted by people who may rudely imply that he is trying to impose upon them by fraudulently obtaining a passage from the country.

It has been proposed that the Post-office order system, which works so well here, and between England and her colonies, should be established between this government and that of the United States. This would afford the best means of transferring small amounts of money between the two countries, and would immediately become a popular one with those who immigrate. A large number of the people who cross to America receive the means of immigrating from others who have preceded them, and the Post-office money order system would afford a much better way for accomplishing their object than any now followed. It would save much time, trouble, and annoyance to immigrants of the humbler classes.

## THE WATER TANKS AT ADEN.

Aden, which has not inaptly been styled the Gibraltar of the East, is an isolated corner of a continent where scarcely a morsel of vegetation or a blade of grass is to be seen, only at rare intervals in the sand a leafless shrub. For here not a drop of rain falls often for years in succession, though the mountain peak, less than four miles from the harbor, is capped with cloud.

Water is supplied chiefly by distillation from the sea, and also from huge tanks. Driving to see these tanks, one passes strings of camels, and tall, dirty, melancholy, scowling Arabs, and a wretched Arab village of huts of mud and straw like a warren of ill-instructed rabbits, and then up a hill through fortifications and covered ways hewn in the rock, where white-linen-coated sepoy sentinels stand on guard, and down on the other side to the military cantonments and to the Arab town of Aden. Here are the tanks, a very strange memorial of the past. They are hewn out of the solid rock one above another in a steep gully of the cloud-capt mountains, from whence at long intervals torrents of water pour down and fill them. Tradition assigns them an origin anterior to the time of Abraham, but there is no fragment of sculpture to help to give them a date; they are only huge irregular basins in the rock, capable of holding, each, from a quarter of a million to three millions of gallons, and for centuries were almost choked with rubbish, till within the last few years the British Government has cleared them out and made them available again.

## DECADENT RACES.

Dr. Berthold Seemann, in "Dottings on the Roadside in Panama, Nicaragua, and Mosquito," advances the following theory as to the decadence of the American Indian race:

"A pure American Indian is always a subject of interest—destined as he seems to be to disappear from the earth, in order to make room for the Negro, Aryan, and Mongol, the only three races who at present show no sign of decadence. But races have their youth and old age as well as species and individuals; and Nature, I suppose, has not been less generous to the American Indian than to the rest of mankind. My belief is, that he had his fair innings. In the southern parts of North America, where his disappearance is close at hand, we find him associated with a Flora which, during the Molasse or Miocene period of our globe, extended across the Atlantic to Europe, and—according to my theory, too long to develop here—it is not improbable that he occupied Europe ages before the Aryan race left its Asiatic home. When the Flora of the Miocene period was swept away in Europe, and the island of Atlantis sank below the level of the ocean, the American Indian disappeared with them in those parts, though he survives to this day in the southern parts of the North American continent. He represents, if my conjectures be right, a race much older than the races that have supplanted him. A similar change, slow, it is true, but none the less certain, is now going on in the southern hemisphere, where a still older Flora, which also at one time extended to Europe, and a still older human race are disappearing. As soon as New Holland shall have been broken up into islands, as Unger predicts it will be, we may expect its vegetation to assume the same aspect as that now presented by the Polynesian islands. The bulk of the plants, adapted as they are to the peculiar dry climate of the extra-tropical parts, would perish as soon as the climate became insular, and the Asiatic Flora, which even now presses hard upon the northern parts of New Holland, would get the upper hand, as has been the case in the Pacific after the dissolution of its continent into those innumerable islands now called Polynesian. Plants with dry, leathery leaves would be superseded by those having a more luxuriant but weedy look; for that I take to be the principal physiognomic difference between the Floras of extra-tropical Australia and tropical Asia. It must be evident that the inquiry Unger has set on foot about the former continental connection of Europe and Australia, as proved by fossils, can not stop here. The abundance of the most typical forms of Australian mammals—the marsupials (opossum and kangaroo)—in tertiary European deposits, will doubtless tempt some comprehensive mind to treat the subject from a zoological point of view. It is most important to ascertain whether the present Fauna of Australia was always associated with the present Flora. I do not know of any reason why it should not; but a closer examination of all the facts may possibly point to a different conclusion. It will probably turn out that in the Australian native population we behold the oldest as well as the lowest race of men—a race in many instances without any religion whatever, and incapable of mastering any religious teaching—a race unfitted for civilization, and so near the brute creation that it might be appropriately classed with it, if it were not for its power of language and the only ingenious thing in its possession—the boomerang. The reasons why New Holland could not make any great strides in civilization, conceding even that the natives as a race were capable of it, are easily found in the nature of the country. It wants moisture and nutritious plants for man and beast. Extensive tracts of land are required to feed even a flock of sheep; wild animals are scarce; and while every other part of the globe has added edible plants to our table, we have not received a single addition from New Holland; indeed, Europeans who should have to rely for their food upon what Australian vegetation can supply would share the melancholy fate of Burke and Wills when they tried to eke out their existence by eating the wretched nardoo-fruits of Australian swamps. There could be no flocking together of men as long as these conditions were not remedied, no permanent interest in property, and no improvement. All was hopeless stagnation. But if, under these unfavorable conditions, man has existed in Australia, at least as far as we *historically* know, for several centuries, we may conclude that he *could* exist in Europe, even during the Eocene period, when the same or a closely similar climate, vegetation, and perhaps Fauna, prevailed there. We may also be sure that, with such surroundings, whatever his race may have been, he could not have arrived at a much higher degree of civilization than the miserable aborigines who are now disappearing in Australia."

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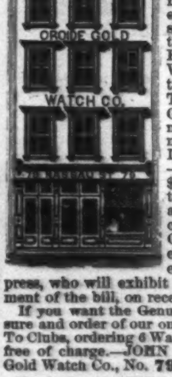

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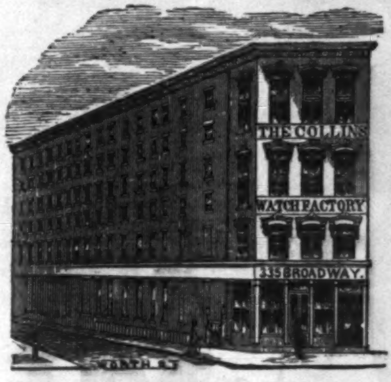

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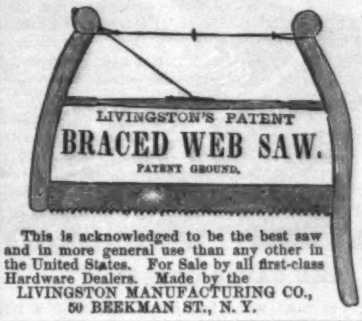
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